The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1891.

The Week.

THE continued importation of gold, which already reaches $10,000,000, makes it interesting to inquire how our account current with Europe stands during a series of years. We append a table giving our net exports and imports of the yellow metal, as shown by our commerce and navigation reports, and our own production of it as reported by the Director of the Mint from and including 1878 to September 1, 1891:

GOLD.

	Net Exports.	Net Imports.	Production.
1878.....	.....	$4,125,760	$51,200,000
1879.....	.....	1,037,334	38,900,000
1880.....	.....	77,119,371	36,000,000
1881.....	.....	97,466,127	34,700,000
1882.....	.....	1,789,174	32,500,000
1883.....	.....	6,133,261	30,000,000
1884.....	$18,250,640	.....	30,800,000
1885.....	.....	18,213,804	31,800,000
1886.....	22,208,842	.....	35,000,000
1887.....	.....	33,209,414	33,000,000
1888.....	.....	25,558,083	33,175,000
1889.....	49,667,427	.....	32,800,000
1890.....	3,715,712	.....	32,845,000
1891*....	72,000,000		
	$165,842,621	$264,652,328	$452,720,000
Excess of imp'rts.	....	98,809,707	
T'l imp'ts & prod'n	....	.....	551,529,707

* To September 1.

The amount of new gold used in the industrial arts during the year 1890 was computed by the Director of the Mint at $10,717,472, and this was about $1,000,000 greater than for the previous year, showing that there is a progressive increase in such use. It is probably safe to say that the amount of gold in the Treasury and in private hands at the beginning of the year 1878, *i. e.*, before the above tabular statement begins, was at least equal to the amount that has since been used by us in the industrial arts. If we assume the equality of these two elements, there must be as much as $550,000,000 of gold coin and bullion in the country now, not reckoning what has been imported since the 1st of September, and not reckoning the production of the present year. The mint estimate of gold coin and bullion at the beginning of the present year was $704,597 128. This included, of course, the $72,000,000 exported subsequently. Subtracting this sum, the mint estimate of stock on hand would be $632,597,128.

The District Attorney of Philadelphia has given to the public the full correspondence which passed between John Bardsley and the Auditor-General and Cashier of the State Treasury, while the former was engaged in robbing the City and State Treasuries of between two and three millions of dollars. This is the correspondence which the Auditor-General, Mr. McCamant, explained on the witness-stand recently by saying it referred to the purchase of neckties, rare books, handkerchiefs, clocks, and other trifles for him by his obliging friend Bardsley. It had not then been published in full, or this explanation would, in all probability, never have been offered. It fills nearly five long columns of the *Public Ledger*, and leaves no doubt whatever that there was a corrupt understanding between Bardsley and McCamant and Livsey concerning the illegal use made by the former of public money intrusted to his care. A single letter will sufficiently establish this. It was written on January 1, 1891, and contains a postscript that will recall to our readers another correspondence which had many similar characteristics:

"Your letter received. I do not know what Jack Robinson is after, but suspect very strongly that Philadelphia parties are back of him on some action that he proposes to spring in the Legislature, in regard to the advertising of the Appraisers' lists. I should not be surprised if some of the Philadelphia Senators are behind him, and I suggest that you post Dave Martin and the Appraisers and have them be on the watch. I will tell you more when I have an opportunity of seeing you. I know Robinson very well, and will ask him what he is after, if I find I can do so without offending his dignity. He wrote me in regard to the act and authority for publishing and amounts paid. I gave him the former, but told him I did not have the latter, inasmuch as the law provided for payment by the County Treasurer, and I would not get the return of the same until after the first of the year. I do not think Robinson should ask you what he does, but, inasmuch as the *Star* published the same, you can do no harm by giving him the figures. Use your own discretion, however, in regard to the matter, first consulting the newspapers that made the publications and Dave Martin. I think Martin can control Robinson on party grounds. So can Elverson or some of the newspaper men interested in the publication. Livsey says Boyer will take to you the school warrant in person. A happy New Year to you.—Hastily,

"THOMAS MCCAMANT.

"P. S.—Burn this after reading it."

One of the most interesting revelations of the letters is that concerning the use made of the advertising of the Mercantile Appraisers' lists in the Philadelphia newspapers. It will be remembered that the newspapers which received this advertising paid Bardsley a commission of 40 per cent. in return for it. McCamant's letters show that there was much difficulty in satisfying the demands of the various papers for the advertising, and also that it was bestowed with the expectation, if not understanding, that the papers receiving it would be friendly in return for the favor. In one of his letters, McCamant says:

"I am in receipt of another letter from the *Bulletin* people, and shall in the morning write them in such a way as to give them to understand that the *Bulletin* cannot have the advertisement this year, and ought not to expect it. *I cannot take it from the Press without placing myself in a position where I can never extricate myself.*"

We observe that the *Press*, which is obliged to condense the correspondence fully one-half, is unable to find room for any reference to this statement of its own relations to McCamant and the advertising. What was the so inextricable "position" in which McCamant would have placed himself by taking away that advertising? Was the *Press* threatening to "take the lid" off some of his transactions if he dared to cut off the paper's supply of "pap," or was it merely going to "stand dumb"?

Gov. Hill's speech to the Franklin County farmers on Thursday, in favor of reducing the rate of interest from 6 to 5 per cent., furnishes one more evidence that he did not have such perfect control of the recent Democratic State Convention as he would like people to believe he had. There were rumors before the Convention met that he intended to have a 5-per-cent.-interest plank put in the platform, and efforts were made in this city to have men on the Committee on Resolutions and in the Convention who would oppose its adoption. The Governor got wind of this opposition, and, when the platform was received from him, the interest plank was missing. Now he takes occasion, in one of his first campaign speeches, to show everybody that he was really in favor of such a plank, but was overruled on the point by his party. His speech puts him more completely out of the field as an "issue" than anything else that he has yet said or done.

The one issue in the New York campaign which is defined with perfect clearness is that of ballot reform. Both parties have stated their attitude towards that question with a plainness which is not to be mistaken. The Democrats, in their platform, commit themselves unequivocally to Gov. Hill's defective and most unjust law, and in turn protest against amending that law by the adoption of a blanket ballot in place of his separate ballots and iniquitous "paster." The Republican platform declares explicitly for the substitution of the "blanket official ballot upon which the names of candidates shall be compactly grouped, rendering the voter's duty easy, treating candidates with equal justice, lessening opportunities for fraud, bribery, and corruption, and largely reducing the expenses of elections." Mr. Fassett has pledged himself personally, in nearly every speech he has made since his nomination, to carry out the demands of this platform in case of his election. Mr. Flower has made no allusion to the subject.

The managers of the Republican campaign in Massachusetts have made a bad blunder at the very start. At the Convention which nominated Mr. Allen for Governor, the

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chief argument for preferring him to Mr. Crapo, his older, abler, and better-known rival, was that he would make a stronger antagonist of Gov. Russell upon the stump, and there was much talk about the willingness, not to say anxiety, of the Republicans to meet the Democratic speakers anywhere, at any time, and on any platform. Nevertheless, the chairman and secretary of the Republican State Committee have absolutely declined the courteous invitation of the Democrats for a joint discussion between Mr. Allen and Gov. Russell. The speeches Mr. Allen is making show that the Republican managers were quite right in their belief that he could not stand the test of debate. He is actually asking people to vote for him as Governor of Massachusetts for the year 1892, on the ground that, a generation ago, Southern Democrats were engaged in a "dastardly and bloody conspiracy for the disruption of this Union, causing the blood and treasure of the land to flow in unlimited measure," etc., etc. !

The *Herald* has interviewed Mr. Thomas Bailey Potter, the President of the Cobden Club—and indeed, one may say, the Cobden Club—touching the story attributed to Mr. Dudley by the Pittsburgh *Times*, that he (Dudley) was present when the Club determined to spend $1,000,000 in trying to defeat Major McKinley in Ohio. Mr. Dudley denied that he ever said anything of the kind. What he says he said was, that when last in England he was at a dinner given to a certain successful manufacturer named "Lord Munsen," and that from what he saw and heard there he came to the conclusion that many of those present would not hesitate to subscribe money to defeat Major McKinley, if they thought it would do any good. We tried to catch him in this story by asking him where the Cobden Club was, and how he, a noted American protectionist, was allowed to be present when they were voting the anti-McKinley money; but he was too sharp for us. The Pittsburgh *Times*, however, in the true Republican fashion, has taken no more notice of his denial than if it were the sighing of the idle wind. The Cobden Club now declares on his honor that he has never spent a cent in America except in the distribution of documents; and has distributed no documents in America since 1879, because he found that it produced irritation. The Club also spoke contemptuously of the McKinley Bill as an injury to British trade; said that any loss of market it caused to British manufacturers would be easily made up for in other directions; called attention to the disappearance of American shipping from the high seas; praised Mr. Cleveland; accused the high-tariff men of "insanity," and generally conducted himself like a hardened old villain—he is seventy-four; but he evidently has no bribery money for Ohio or any other State.

Mr. F. C. Beach has an article in the *American Amateur Photographer* on the recent Treasury ruling forbidding the importation of photographs by mail. From the correspondence and Treasury circulars he reproduces, it appears that the primary aim was to prevent mail importations of lottery tickets. To effect this, resort was had to that section of the regulations of the Universal Postal Union which forbids the mailing of "any packets whatever containing articles liable to customs duties." As "printed matter," lottery tickets were so liable, but so were photographs, it was held. However, a letter from the Superintendent of Foreign Mails contains the gratifying intimation that, in respect to photographs, the "annoyance, it is hoped, will soon be prevented by a restoration of the understanding previously held by the Treasury and Post-office Departments in regard to the execution of the 'Regulation governing the treatment of dutiable articles received in the mail from foreign countries,' concerning which correspondence is now in progress between the Secretary of the Treasury and the Postmaster-General." But the *American Architect* prints a letter from the Acting Secretary of the Treasury of later date than any of the correspondence cited by Mr. Beach, which expresses with some asperity the purpose of the Department to continue in its present oppressive course.

Within a few days the scheme of acquiring possession of the island of St. Thomas has been, in nautical phrase, "flung to the breeze." Various reasons for acquiring that harbor are advanced in the Washington despatches. These reasons have a very wide range. Some people think that St. Thomas would serve us admirably as a coaling-station. Others think that it would enable us to "command the Caribbean Sea," and defend the Nicaragua Canal when we have such a thing to defend. Still others see in the acquisition of St. Thomas a new political issue, acquisition of *something* being more important than the acquisition of St. Thomas in particular. We incline to the latter opinion. Acquisition of almost anything would be better than that of St. Thomas. When we were negotiating for it twenty-four years ago, or very soon after the negotiation failed, through the refusal of the Senate to ratify it, the island was nearly ruined by an earthquake. So noted has it become for earthquakes and hurricanes that the shipping which crowded its harbor a quarter of a century ago has taken refuge at other ports, and chiefly at Barbados. There is probably no Power on the globe that would accept the island as a free gift if required to fortify it and convert it into a naval station.

There is renewed talk of an investigation of Egan, which we trust is true. It would be much better that the State Department should investigate him than that he should be investigated by Congress, as he certainly will be if he should be in office in December. Admiral McCann has admitted that Egan wrote at least one letter to him asserting that Balmaceda could not be overthrown, and he was probably writing similar letters to others, and was "stuffing" the State Department with the same view, and possibly, also, Mr. C. R. Flint and Mr. Ivins, Balmaceda's counsel here. One charge against him will certainly be made good, for the proof lies in a nut-shell, namely, his refusing to sign the indignant protest made by the French and Brazilian Ministers when Balmaceda refused a safe-conduct for the return of the Congressional envoys who had come to Santiago to confer for peace. The Brazilian, French, and American Ministers were called in as mediators, but Balmaceda broke the conference up before it had gone very far, for reasons of his own, and then, thinking he had caught some of the Congressional leaders in a trap, refused to permit their departure unless they signed a pledge to refrain from all further opposition to him. The French Minister was so angry that he wrote a vehement remonstrance, which his Brazilian colleague signed, but Mr. Egan would not and did not. He was probably too "solid" with Balmaceda to be willing to gainsay him in anything.

The new Constitution in Mississippi makes the right to vote depend upon the payment of a poll tax several months before election, and ability to read or to understand the Constitution itself. Although the negroes largely outnumber the whites, so few of them cared enough about the suffrage to pay the poll tax that the operation of this clause alone gives the whites a large majority of the names on the list. This is the first time since reconstruction days that the whites have been legally in the majority, and the effect of the change is already visible. The Vicksburg *Commercial-Herald* says that there has been during the past summer, for the first time in a quarter of a century, a thorough and able discussion of leading political questions. "The all-pervading fear that the white people could not differ on leading questions, lest the ignorant negroes should wield the balance of power, kept the whites from all healthy and progressive participation in the leading economic questions. This year marks a new era in this respect. The questions of finances, tariff, and pensions have been discussed in every county in the State, and even the war records were buried in the dead past. Public officials in Congress were held to a strict accountability, and their records discussed by one party in the State and defended by another." This is the first step to the formation of a strong party in opposition to the regular Democracy, and the Vicksburg paper thinks that there will be only a short delay until two parties are formed and make their nominations for all the State and county offices. This will not happen next year, for the continued Republican threat of a Force Bill will keep the whites solid in the Presidential campaign, but it will surely occur before the next State election. The *Commercial-Herald* naturally and properly rejoices over this prospect, which "will generate healthy political competition, hold officials

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to a stricter accountability, secure greater freedom of thought and discussion, and greatly inure to the prosperity of the people."

The obscure knot of women who have been trying to make themselves notorious by erecting a statue to the late Mrs. G. L. Schuyler received a severe rebuff in the issue of a permanent injunction against them on Friday by Judge O'Brien. Whether such an injunction could issue has been a matter of doubt among lawyers, as there is no precedent in the books exactly applicable to the case. But no one who sees how rapidly respect for the privacy of individuals is diminishing under the attacks of the unclean horde who detest privacy for themselves, has denied that if a wrong of this sort were not preventable, there was a serious defect in the law. Judge O'Brien has solved this difficulty by doing what judges have every now and then to do, in dealing with new sets of facts. He says:

"It is true that there is no reported decision which goes to this extent in maintaining the right of privacy, and in that respect this is a novel case. But the gradual extension of the law in the direction of affording the most complete redress for injury to individual rights makes this, from reported decisions much similar in principle, an easy step."

He lays down, too, the very valuable rule that nobody can be made a public character against his or her will. To enable anybody to criticise publicly, or honor publicly, a man or woman as a "public character," he or she must have assumed the rôle voluntarily, by accepting public office or becoming an artist, literary man, or orator. But it is not permissible to dig a man out of private life because he was conspicuous for his charities, or his domestic virtues or graces, and make him ridiculous by drumming round the country for money to erect a statue to him. This might be done for mere purposes of annoyance to an enemy, and might be defended with the pleas set up by the "Woman's Memorial Fund Association."

We see no reason for the surprise expressed at Prof. Vincent's address at the opening of Union Seminary last Thursday, in which he substantially endorsed for himself and his colleagues the views of Prof. Briggs. That was but the logical following up of the action of the Seminary last spring, when it decided to stand by the Professor whom the General Assembly had practically declared to be unfit to teach in the Presbyterian Church. That action was based upon the technical denial of the right of the Assembly to proceed as it had, but it really amounted to a defiance of that body. It would have been very easy for the Trustees to say: "We think the Assembly was going beyond the strict letter of our agreement, but still, inasmuch as it has disapproved of Prof. Briggs, we will call for his resignation so as to remain in full harmony with the highest court of the Church." But they did not say that, and virtually crossed the Rubicon at the time; so that they are now but maintaining the position which they then determined upon.

The London *Daily News* has been making some sensation in England by a series of letters on English "Village Life" in various parts of the island, which go to show that the villages in all the agricultural districts are being rapidly deserted by the young men and women, to such a point that, in spite of the aid derived from machinery, the farmers find increasing difficulty in sowing and harvesting their crops, and the parsons are left with empty churches and Sunday-schools, and the squires with few to rule over but the aged and infirm. In fact, it looks as if the economic decay which for fifteen years has been slowly going on in rural England, was receiving its final impulse from the dislike of the younger generation to country life. But what is also threatened with ruin is a social system which has come down to our day almost untouched from the Middle Ages. In this system the laborer was born, and was expected to remain, in the village, as "Hodge," or "Chawbacon," and work on the adjacent farms in absolute content. The schooling he got consisted mainly of the Church catechism, and he was expected to attend church regularly, on pain of the severe displeasure of the parson and the squire. The latter owned most of the cottages, or the whole village, which was then called a "close village," and could drive anybody he pleased out of the parish, and, besides this, he was apt to be a justice of the peace with large summary powers, an office also often held by the parson. When Hodge got old or sick, the ladies of "the great house" or the parsonage gave him and his wife fuel and blankets in the winter, and preached resignation to him; and when he got too old for any work, they both took refuge in the workhouse in which, like the great bulk of their class, they died with the consolations of religion.

All this has of late years been greatly changed. The new schools, the railroads, the ocean steamers, the cheap newspapers, and the political agitators have opened up the world to Hodge's astonished gaze, and he refuses any longer to live under the parish triumvirate—the Squire, the Parson, and the Farmer. He goes off to the great towns or emigrates, and if he remains, is so saucy and independent and so ungrateful for the coal, the blankets, and the workhouse, that he is practically unmanageable. The vote has given the final touch to his impudence, and in many parts of rural England the end of the world seems to the little circle in the manor-house and the vicarage to be very near at hand. There is something pathetic in the swarm of letters which the *Daily News* is receiving, suggesting ways of making village life attractive and of keeping the young men and maids at home, but they have all a futile air. Some consolation, in the way of a saving of pride, is found in the fact that the same sort of phenomenon is visible in France and in the United States.

It seems hardly necessary to mention the fact that silver was demonetized in France in 1877. Nevertheless it looks as though the Richmond *Dispatch* had not learned that fact as late as September 22, for it quotes and endorses Sir Moreton Frewen to the following effect:

"Mr. Frewen says that as no Administration could stand in this country which should pass a law demonetizing silver, so no Administration could stand in France which should take executive action hostile to silver. In a word, as we have monometallism in this country, and yet the people are bimetallists, so it is in France; and there is no more danger of the demonetization of silver by law in France than in this country. Silver stands there as here upon its merits."

To say that in a country where monometallism prevails there is no danger of the demonetization of silver, is a truism, like saying that in a country where all the people are white there is no danger of enslavement of the blacks. Silver does *not* "stand upon its own merits," either in France or in the United States. In France it is not coined at all except for small change. In the United States it is coined only on Government account. It is really demonetized in both countries. "An act to melt silver coins and convert them into bullion," continues Sir Moreton, "could not possibly pass the French Chambers." That is because the resulting bullion could not be sold except at a heavy loss. If it could be sold for gold in the proportion of 1 to 15½, such a bill would pass the French Chambers in a twinkling, and also the American Congress.

It took fifty sittings of the Brazilian Congress to pass its first important bill, and that related to the salary of Congressmen. The precedents brought out in the debate on that measure of pressing public importance show that the stipend of the members of the first Constituent Assembly after the separation from Portugal was $1,200 a year. That amount continued to be paid to the representatives in Parliament down to 1873, when the change was made to the rate of $37.50 per legislative day for Senators and $25 a day for Deputies. A natural indifference to the length of sessions was observable under that arrangement, and was urged as an argument against continuing it in the Republic. But a proposition to make the salary $500 for each session was voted down, and the old plan of payment by the day adopted. There was some dispute between the two houses, however, over the distinction made in estimating the value of the services of each. It was finally agreed, though, that genuine republican principles required equality of payment, and, as the Senators would not come down, the Deputies consented to go up, and so the rate for either was made $37.50 per legislative day.

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QUAYISM IN PENNSYLVANIA.

THE action of Gov. Pattison in calling a special session of the Pennsylvania Senate to inquire into the grave charges made against the State Treasurer and Auditor-General, with a view to their removal from office in case the charges are sustained, causes a great commotion throughout the State. Although the Senate has a strong Republican majority, there appears to be a general expectation that its inquiry will be more thorough and fearless, and consequently more damaging, than any similar examination yet made into Republican misdoings in the State. That the Quay Republicans are afraid that this will be the case is made plain by their comments and the protests of their newspapers, all of them taking the ground that the Governor's action is merely a campaign move.

As a matter of fact, the Governor's action was first suggested, in public at least, by the Philadelphia *Ledger* on Thursday last, the day after the McCamant-Bardsley-Livsey letters were published. It called the Governor's attention to the clause of the Constitution which he cites now as compelling him to this action, and said that the expense of an extra session would not be great. In taking this position the *Ledger* was simply following the manly, self-respecting course which, under Mr. Childs's personal direction, it has been pursuing towards the Bardsley and other rascalities during the past few weeks. It alone of the Republican newspapers of the city published the McCamant letters in full, and it alone had the courage to comment upon them in terms suitable to the occasion. The *Press* and *Inquirer* were neither able to publish the letters in full nor to make any editorial comment whatever upon them. On Monday both those Republican organs denounced the Governor's action. The *Inquirer*, Quay's personal organ, says the proclamation "has a lot of political fireworks in it," and will entail a great and useless expense upon the taxpayers. The *Press*, which usually "stands dumb" about Quay until he needs some defence for especially dirty work, comes to his rescue with even more zeal than the *Inquirer*, saying that the Governor's action "has the appearance of a costly campaign trick," and that if there have been any charges preferred against the officials in question, the "public has not heard of them, and so far nothing has been developed beyond the letters recently given the public by District-Attorney Graham." These letters this same *Press* did its utmost to keep the public from seeing by cutting out all the more damaging parts of them, including such as showed that the *Press* had been mixed up with McCamant and Bardsley in a distribution of the city advertising plunder.

The best and only answer necessary for the Governor to make to the criticism of these partisan editors appeared in the *Ledger's* editorial comments of Monday. Mr. Childs shows in these that he has "enlisted for the war," and that one editor at least in the city has begun to realize that the good name of Philadelphia and of Pennsylvania can no longer be preserved by covering up Republican official rottenness, but can be saved from entire destruction only by unsparing exposure and punishment. The *Ledger* says of the Governor's action that he "was required by his obligations to his great constituency to do what he has done"; that the insinuations of partisan journals that he is inspired by political considerations, "are more likely to hurt their authors and the Republican party than the Governor, whose entire official record as Chief Magistrate of this commonwealth is so clear as to be read aright by all men of fair minds"; and that "every circumstance revealed by the Bardsley-McCamant-Livsey correspondence was a separate force which urged, or compelled, the Governor in respect to his convictions of his simple, inevitable duty to ascertain the truth of the grave charges made against the administration of the offices of Auditor-General and State Treasurer." Continuing, the *Ledger* says, and its manly utterances ought to make the Quay apologists in the *Press* and *Inquirer* offices thoroughly ashamed of themselves:

> "The extraordinary session has been properly called, and the District Attorney of Philadelphia and the Governor of Pennsylvania having done their duty in the premises, the Senate, with like high sense of public duty, with like courage, and with like regard for the ascertainment of the truth, and the whole of it, without regard to what party or what persons may be hurt by it, must do its duty. The public wants to know the top and bottom, the length and breadth, of the official maladministration which has not only plundered State and city, but which has covered both with disgrace. . . . If the Senate would serve its party best, it will by an open, fearless and exhaustive investigation of the implicated officials' conduct, establish their innocence or prove their guilt. If they are innocent, the party will be relieved from all responsibility for wrong-doing which two of its official representatives have indirectly put upon it; if they are guilty, the Senate, as the representative of the party, should proclaim their guilt and so secure their removal from office. The Democrats are not half so much interested to discover the truth with regard to these 'grave charges' as are the Republicans; and the Republicans, having the power to do it, should be eager to discover and proclaim it. The people will tolerate no partisan jugglery in this business, and at least two-thirds of the Senate should know it."

That both officials are guilty, no one who has read the McCamant correspondence can for a moment doubt, for that correspondence is so damning that the defenders of the officials dare not publish it in full. It is to be said of the Treasurer, Mr. Boyer, that he is not directly implicated by it, but his Cashier, Mr. Livsey, is, and Mr. Boyer can escape conviction only by pleading that he had no knowledge of what his cashier was doing—an astonishing neglect of his sworn duty as the head of the Treasury Department. Livsey has resigned, having first fled the State as soon as the Legislative Investigating Committee began its inquiry into the Treasury's conduct. He was said at one time to have been in Milwaukee, but thorough search for him there shows that this was a false report, as he has never been in that city, but has been in Canada since his flight. When Mr. Boyer was sought on Saturday for his views on the Governor's action, it was discovered, according to the Philadelphia *Press*, that he was "in Atlantic City conferring with Senator Quay."

The simple fact is, that it is Quayism in office for the past twenty-five years or more which is under examination in Pennsylvania now, and it is to Quay that all the implicated persons flock for counsel when they hear the alarm. By a curious and dramatic coincidence, the death of one of the first treasurers of the Quay kind which the State had, Kemble of "addition, division, and silence" fame, was announced on the morning when his successors in office were being summoned to give an accounting of their work. Quay himself fled to Atlantic City when the legislative inquiry began, and has only twice put his foot in the State since. He knows well enough what would be the result of "removing the lid from the State Treasury" of Pennsylvania for the past quarter of a century, for during all that time Quay's views of what constitute the duty of public officials towards public money have been in active operation. The fatal break came when the voters of Pennsylvania refused to elect Quay's smirched candidate, Delamater, to the Governorship last fall. That precipitated the collapse of the Keystone Bank and the exposure of Bardsley, and began the series of revelations which the Governor is now seeking to make complete and final.

ELECTING PRESIDENT EVERY YEAR.

THE theory of our Government is, that a President of the United States is to be voted for only once in four years. The attempt of our politicians is, to make men vote every year with sole reference to the next Presidential election. This policy was never before advocated so strongly and so inexcusably as it is to-day by the managers of the Republican party in Massachusetts.

The Bay State still elects its Governor every year, and it has been the custom of the dominant party to give a second term to a man who had behaved well as Executive during his first year. Last year William E. Russell, a Democrat, was elected Governor, many Republicans being so much dissatisfied with the nominee of their own party that they either voted against him or refused to vote at all. Mr. Russell has made an excellent Governor, so much so that the Republican State Convention could not find any material for the usual plank "arraigning" the Executive of the other party. The election this fall is solely for State officers and members of the Legislature. Not a single Federal office is to be filled. The main question is, of course, as to the Governorship. It is simply the question whether Mr. Russell, just renominated by the Democrats, is likely to make a better Governor next year than Mr. Charles H. Allen, whom the Republicans made their candidate a fortnight ago. It is purely a State question, for the Governor of Massachusetts next year will have nothing to do with Federal issues.

The Republican managers, however, fear the result if they allow the election to turn, as it ought, on this State issue. They are afraid that many men who expect to vote the Republican ticket next year, will vote for Russell's reëlection this year, if the question

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is whether they do not think that his good service this year merits the reward of another term. Consequently, they are preaching the doctrine that it is not really a State election which is to be held in Massachusetts this year, but a national one; that the voter is not to cast his ballot for Russell or Allen according as he thinks one or the other better qualified for the Governorship, but for the Republican or the Democratic ticket according as he desires to see a Republican or a Democrat elected President of the United States in November, 1892. The argument was put in the bluntest form by ex-Gov. Brackett, in his speech as presiding officer at the opening meeting of the campaign in Boston when he said:

"The Governorship of Massachusetts, and of every other State, is a political office. We are engaged in a prolonged political warfare in this country. Two great political armies are arrayed against each other. Once in four years a general engagement takes place between them. On other years battles are fought between the various divisions located in the different States. In these the numbers engaged upon each side are smaller, the results less decisive and important to the nation, but no one is thereby justified in deserting his colors and going over to the enemy in the lesser any more than in the larger combat. And the claim that the commander of the opposing force in one of these contests is an estimable gentleman, and that his actions have been creditable, is as immaterial in the battle of ballots as it would be in the battle of bullets; but each man's duty is to stand by the flag that symbolizes his political faith, and yield a loyal support to the man who has been selected to bear that standard"

This is nothing more nor less than the doctrine that we must elect a President every year; that the question in a State election is not which of two men will make the better Governor of the State, but which of two parties ought to rule the nation; that the question in a city election is not whether a certain man will make the best Mayor of all the candidates, but whether his election will help or hurt the chances throughout the country of the national party to which the voter belongs. It follows, of course, that neither Republican nor Democrat must consider the character, or want of character, of his party's candidate for Governor or Mayor; the matter of his comparative fitness for executive responsibility; the question whether the State or city, as the case may be, will gain or lose by his election All such considerations are "immaterial"; his one duty, under all circumstances, is to "stand by the flag that symbolizes his political faith," and "yield a loyal support to the man who has been selected to bear that standard," whether that man be saint or sinner.

The traditional declaration of the Bourbon Democrat, that he "would vote for the Devil if he got the regular nomination," is thus accepted as the true gospel by a representative Massachusetts Republican. If ex-Gov. Brackett's position be sound, every man in New York who wants to see the Democrats carry the Presidential election next year ought to vote for Flower this year without any questioning. The voter may believe that Fassett would make a far better Governor of the State; he may consider the chances of getting a good ballot law far better under Fassett than under Flower; he may think that Flower's election would put Tammany Hall virtually in control of the State; he may feel sure that the varied interests of this great commonwealth would fare far better with Fassett as Governor than with Flower. But all such considerations are "immaterial." The only question is which army he is going to train with when national issues come up next year. He must vote for President this year, as well as next—every year, in fact.

We saw this doctrine put into practice by the Republicans of this city last fall. There were two candidates for Mayor—one a perfect representative of Tammany Hall, the other an honest Democrat who would give the city good government. The issue of the contest rested with the Republicans. Many of them supported the honest Democrat, but many others—more than enough to turn the scales—either refused to vote for him, or in some cases even voted for the Tammany candidate, because they wanted Tammany kept in power in New York city as a "horrible example" of Democratic government for Republican stump speakers to harp upon in a Presidential campaign. They considered such questions as clean streets, decent city officials, and honest municipal government "immaterial," compared with a supposed advantage for their "political army" in the "general engagement" throughout the country which was to take place two years later.

Against the corrupt and demoralizing doctrine which is preached by the Massachusetts Republicans is the clear and convincing statement of the truth which is made by Mr. Matthew Hale of Albany in an excellent letter published by the *Times* of Friday last. Mr. Hale is an independent voter who supported Cleveland against Blaine in 1884, and who stands with the Democrats on the tariff issue in national politics, but he purposes voting for Fassett for Governor this year because this year's election is for State officers, and he thinks Mr. Fassett's election will best subserve the interests of the State, and he is not to be deterred from doing so by any claim that he ought to cast his ballot with reference to the McKinley tariff, the Force Bill, or any other issue in Federal affairs. Mr. Hale's argument applies equally well to every other State, and we invite ex-Gov. Brackett, the editor of the Boston *Journal*, or any other representative of Massachusetts Republicanism, to see if he can pick any flaw in it.

Once in four years is certainly often enough to vote for President. Good citizens ought to make short work of those politicians, whatever their party, who would have us take to electing a President every year, and who advise us to sacrifice the highest interests of municipality or State for the sake of some problematical gain to the party we expect to support in a future national campaign.

ANOTHER DIPLOMATIC "TRIUMPH."

MR FREDERICK DOUGLASS, ex-Minister to Hayti, concludes his exposition of our recent diplomacy in that country in the *North American Review* for October. In his former paper he brought affairs down to the request presented by Admiral Gherardi as special commissioner of the United States, backed by seven ships of war, to Mr. Firmin, the Haytian Minister of Foreign Affairs, that the Government of Hayti should grant us a lease of the Môle St. Nicolas, and agree at the same time not to grant any other lease, concession, or sale of Haytian territory to any other Power. This request was based, Mr. Douglass told us in his first paper, upon an alleged understanding with President Hyppolite, being a sort of *quid pro quo* for assistance rendered to him secretly by our Government during the last civil war in Hayti. This request was, at Mr. Firmin's instance, reduced to writing by Admiral Gherardi and signed by him. Mr. Douglass, although he was then our accredited Minister to Hayti, was not asked to sign it and did not. Then the Haytian Minister asked to see Admiral Gherardi's credentials, and, when these were presented to him, pronounced them insufficient to bind the United States to any contract. Admiral Gherardi insisted that they were ample, and intimated that the Haytian Minister had raised this objection merely for purposes of delay. This did not tend to smooth matters. Mr. Firmin would not take another step without better credentials. So a telegram was sent to Washington, and an answer was received that the new credentials would be sent immediately by the Clyde Line steamer to Gonaives. But they did not come by that steamer, nor till two months later.

In the meantime, rumors had got abroad among the populace that the Government was selling a portion of the country to foreigners, that the lease of the Môle St. Nicolas would be only the first step towards the surrender of the whole island etc., etc. The result was a very inflammatory state of the public mind, rendering any negotiation difficult. When the new letter of credentials arrrived, it was found to include Mr. Douglass as a joint envoy or commissioner with Admiral Gherardi to negotiate the treaty of cession, the former one mentioning the Admiral alone. It was signed by President Harrison and Secretary Blaine, and it was confined by its terms to the lease of the Môle St. Nicolas as a United States naval station, no mention being made of the limitations and conditions prescribed in the earlier letter. A disagreement immediately arose between the two Commissioners, Mr. Douglass contending that the new letter of instructions superseded the old one entirely, while the Admiral held that it was merely supplementary and additional to the old one. The point was of importance, since in the one case the exclusion of other Powers from Haytian territory was a condition, while in the other it was not. The exclusion clause was held by Mr. Douglass to be tantamount to a surrender by Hayti of her sovereignty, *i. e.*, of her right to dispose of her own territory, and therefore likely to prove an obstacle to the negotiation. Mr. Douglass yielded to the Ad-

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miral's views on this point, and then he says: "The result is known. Hayti refused to grant the lease, and alleged that to do so was impossible under the hard terms imposed in the previous letter of instructions."

But the real reason for the failure of the negotiation, he thinks, was the popular opposition to any alienation of the national territory. The Government did not dare to face this opposition. "Nothing," says Mr. Douglass, "is more repugnant to the thoughts and feelings of the masses of that country than the alienation of a single rood of their territory to a foreign Power," and this may well be believed. Another contributing cause of the non-success of the negotiation, he tells us, was the presence of a squadron of war ships carrying a hundred cannon and 2,000 men. If this squadron was sent to Hayti as a threat, it had an effect contrary to the intention of the senders. "We should have known," says Mr. Douglass, "that, whatever else the Haytian people may be, they are not cowards." This is another true saying. Since the days of Toussaint, the Haytians have fought against foreigners and fought among themselves with real barbaric freedom.

But this negotiation and its failure are not the most singular part of Mr. Douglass's story. Simultaneously there was going on a negotiation between an agent of the Clyde Line of steamers and the Haytian Government for a subsidy of a half-million dollars from the Government of Hayti to enable this firm to run a line of steamers from New York to Hayti. "This agent," Mr. Douglass says, "assumed towards me a dictatorial attitude." Among other proposals, he wanted Mr. Douglass to go to Mr. Firmin and assure him that if he would grant the Clyde concession, he (Minister Douglass) would refrain from pressing the claims of other American citizens against Hayti. This Mr. Douglass refused to do, whereupon the agent reported him to the Government at Washington as inefficient and unfriendly to the subsidy. The Government of Hayti objected to the subsidy on the plea of poverty. When the agent found that he could not carry his point, he set up a claim to be paid by Hayti for his own costs in working for the subsidy. Mr. Douglass refused to present this claim, but the agent pushed it on his own account, and actually got $5,000 gold out of the Haytian Treasury. The money was paid to get rid of the man and of his importunities, but the payment was a woful mistake, for he used it to renew his demand for the subsidy. Mr. Douglass does not say that this subsidy claim was backed by the United States Government, but it is impossible to understand his paper in any other way, for he says that the subsidy negotiation made the other negotiation more difficult. Moreover, he gives us to understand that the subsidy to the Clyde Line had the preference over the coaling station. "To them" [the Haytians], he says, "the preference given to an individual firm over those of the United States seemed to wear a sinister aspect." We should think very likely it would, especially if they had any knowledge of our preference for nitrate beds in South America over the ordinary achievements of diplomacy.

Here, we submit, is one of Mr. Blaine's most notable diplomatic triumphs. It has all the characteristic features. Although representing the Republican party, which stands up for the colored man on every occasion, he puts a gross indignity on his own chosen Minister to Hayti because he is black. That must have been the reason, because Mr. Douglass is a man of ability. It is no disparagement to Admiral Gherardi to say that Mr. Douglass is intellectually his equal. This initial blunder was afterwards corrected by associating Mr. Douglass with the Admiral. It was characteristic, too, that the demand for the Môle St. Nicolas should have been based upon secret help given by us to one belligerent against another in a neighboring country with which we were at peace. To send seven war ships to the country with which we were negotiating—this being a republic and the only black republic on the American hemisphere—was distinctly a threat and calculated to defeat the object in view. To have or to allow a private job to be mixed up with important public business was the most characteristic feature of all. This alone would stamp it as a Blaine performance. Anybody familiar with Mr. Blaine's career would recognize it at once.

Altogether this Haytian business, as narrated by Mr. Douglass, is one of the most discreditable chapters in our diplomatic history. It is impossible that it should be passed over or ignored. If what Mr. Douglass says is not true, it must be answered and shown to be false. It cannot be answered as Collector Erhardt was answered by the chief organ of the party, by saying that he is "trying to pose as a martyr."

MR. DEPEW'S LONDON "VOLCANO."

It is the privilege of the American public to receive from Mr. Depew every fall, on his return from his annual European tour, much needed information on the economic and social condition of the Old World. We all recall his remarkable discovery, three years ago, that Holland had made a mistake in abandoning the protective system, although the fact that she had ever followed that system was a profound secret to everybody but Mr. Depew, and he himself has consistently refused to tell us how he found it out. This year he has chosen to enlighten us about London poverty, and we must say that we find some of his revelations as startling as he could have expected.

His qualifications for giving us the exact truth as to the "dark side" of London consist, he tells us, in his having gone "one Sunday morning, in a garb which was a cross between that of a costermonger and a pickpocket," to traverse the Whitechapel district. For a man of his lightning-like qualities of mind, this was, of course, enough. One like Mr. Arnold White, now Baron Hirsch's agent, could spend years in inquiry, could personally investigate the cases of 6,000 unemployed men, and then report his results "with a humble sense of their inherent deficiencies"; but it would be absurd to compare such a plodding order of talent with Mr. Depew's intuitive methods. However, it is with the conclusions he drew that we are mainly concerned, and he informs us: "I felt that this great city, with its magnificent palaces, with every evidence in part of it of the largest wealth, the greatest luxury, the most liberal expenditure, rested upon a volcano which only needed the force of civilization to bring upon it a catastrophe which would shock the world." This was the impression made upon him by the "misery, the wretchedness, the seething furnace of ignorance," which he saw in Whitechapel.

Now, there are other people who have taken walks in Whitechapel, and have been there oftener than Mr. Depew. By going very often and for several years, they have probably, taken together, seen fully as much as he did on that Sunday morning's stroll. At any rate, they took notes on what they saw, and made out a classification of the entire population of the district. It was published in the first volume of 'Labor and Life of the People,' and would have saved Mr. Depew a good deal of trouble if he had seen it. From that table it appears that the district contained 2,439 persons of the lowest class, criminals, loafers, etc. But they amounted to but 3.32 per cent. of the entire population. Next to them came 6,566, or 8.92 per cent., who were classed among the "very poor," having only irregular employment. But the class of "poor," with living wages, numbered upwards of 19,000, while the "comfortable" included 40,000 and more, among them being 8,277, or 11.27 of the entire population, who did "highly paid work"; and 4,589 belonged to the "well-to-do" or "lower-middle and upper-middle" classes. Thus Mr. Depew's "volcano" class numbers less than 4 per cent. of the total, is only about half as large as the "well-to-do," even in Whitechapel, one-third as great as the "highly paid," and about one-fifteenth as great as the "comfortable." So that, in point of numbers, it does not look like a slumbering Mt. Etna, even considering Whitechapel alone.

But it is when this class is itself analyzed, and its quality shown, that talk about its liability to rise any day and lay hold upon London becomes peculiarly ridiculous. Arnold White, as we have said, examined thousands of these homeless, unemployed people, of irregular or criminal habits—the men who roam the streets at night, and to whom is attributed "the bitter cry of outcast London"—the men whom "Gen." Booth proposes to reclaim by deporting them, and putting them to work on the land somewhere. He reports that 40 per cent. of them were "hopelessly submerged," "physically incapable of doing an honest day's work." Then came 40 per cent. more who, though not "fallen to so low a level," were able to do no more than "two or three hours' work of descriptions not demanding the exercise of skill." Of the remaining 20 per cent., a large proportion were broken-down soldiers, with

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no trade or industrial aptitude, while others were artisans whose work had been supplanted by machinery, and agricultural laborers drawn in from a lot that was hard to one that was hopeless. "The whisper of a Mansion House fund blackens the North Road with swarms of these poor fellows, who, aimlessly and unprevented, swell the ranks of the competitive army of the soldiers of unskilled labor." Of the whole floating-population of London, says Mr. White, not more than 4½ per cent. would be able to support themselves in a colony, if given land, tools, and everything necessary to begin farming.

To say that this body of incapables is a menace to civilization, in Mr. Depew's sense, is to utter wild and whirling words. There is no more possibility of an explosion caused by them that will "shock the world" than there is of one taking place in a mass of decaying refuse. That they are a great social evil and danger cannot be doubted. Nor need it be denied that they are capable of isolated and underground crimes, like throwing dynamite bombs, directed against society at large. But to suppose them either mentally able to form a plan of concerted attack upon the social order, or physically able to carry it out if formed, is hopelessly to misconceive the whole matter. One hundred intelligent and vigorous men could handle the whole lot. The volcano is only a mud one.

But Mr. Depew also tells us how it has all come about. "Miserable as these people have been always, their misery is a thousand-fold intensified by pauper immigration. Great Britain has erected no barrier as we have. . . . It is the dumping-ground for all Europe for misery which must starve or go somewhere." Now, according to the census of 1881, the foreign-born population of London was 2¾ per cent. of the whole. That proportion must have been phenomenally active to have "a thousand-fold intensified" the misery of the rest of the people; and the way the "dumping" process goes on, that Mr. Depew alludes to, may be seen from the statistics of emigration and immigration for 1889. In that year 44 328 foreigners emigrated to England; but in the same year 83,466 foreigners emigrated from England, and we fear they found their "dumping-ground" in the land that has "erected a barrier." It is true, that in 1881 and 1882, when there was an outburst of persecution against the Jews in Russia, there was an influx of refugees in London, as there was also after Bismarck's edict of 1884, expelling the Poles from Prussia. But a report on the subject was printed in 1889, from the pen of H Llewellyn Smith, which concluded: "Whatever may have been the cause for alarm presented by the immigration of the Jew, it is all over now."

Mr. Depew concludes his observations by saying that they yield "a lesson for us to take to ourselves." So we think. The lesson would appear to be that we should never judge the phenomena of foreign countries hastily.

RAIN-MAKERS AND SCIENCE.

We doubt if there has appeared within the present century a more amusing discussion than that in the current number of the *North American Review* between Gen. Dyrenforth and Prof. Simon Newcomb about the possibility of producing rain by making a great noise. The humor of the controversy, too, is greatly increased by the fact that Gen. Dyrenforth professes to represent science just as much as Prof. Newcomb does.

Gen. Dyrenforth, who speaks for the rain-making interest, has been making experiments on the Staked Plains in Texas, with money voted by the last Congress, and maintains that he actually produced rain in an arid region and in a dry time by his noise. Prof. Newcomb, on the other hand, maintains that the production of rain by earthly noises is, not a scientific impossibility, but one of those scientific improbabilities which pass as impossibilities in the present state of human knowledge, among all sensible and instructed men, and he intimates, politely of course, that Gen. Dyrenforth is a simpleton.

The General's case, stated briefly, is as follows: Plutarch has observed (no reference) that "unusually heavy rains fall after great battles." This dictum of Plutarch suggests to the General the following observations, which it would be wicked not to reproduce *verbatim:*

> "It is not impossible, according to the theory of the commingling of air currents, that such rains might have been produced by the great battles of ancient times. Let ten thousand Greeks march into battle chanting their 'pæans' and shouting their 'allallas,' beating time meanwhile on their shields, while a hundred thousand Persians are advancing against them, continually shouting their terrible battle-cries; then let the great armies rush together with the tumult of clashing swords and shields, the fierce shouting of the multitudes, the hoarse death-cries and shouts of victory, and surely the sound waves rising from such a din will literally shake the heavens, and are capable of producing no insignificant effect among the volatile currents of the upper air. Moreover, the heat generated from the struggling masses, and the moisture evaporated from their perspiration, would exercise a decided influence in disturbing the equilibrium of the atmospheric conditions."

These eloquent remarks will suggest to most readers the inquiry why, if human perspiration can "exercise a decided influence in disturbing the equilibrium of atmospheric conditions," hot, dry weather lasts so long—why, for instance, it has not rained more in New York for the last fortnight. During the whole of this period not only 110,000, but over 1,000,000 persons have been perspiring profusely on an area proportionately no larger than that occupied by the Greeks and Persians at the battle of Marathon; and although they may not have emitted either "pæans" or "allallas," they have given utterance to curses and other exclamations calculated to exert an equally disturbing effect on "the volatile currents of the upper air."

But Gen. Dyrenforth does not rely on Plutarch alone. He produces "a well-known scientist" named Espy, who flourished about 1837 and "proposed a method of compelling Nature to loose the moisture which she holds aloft." This method was the kindling of a great fire, which would send a current of hot air "to a great height," where it would tackle Nature, and compel her to loose her moisture. The Australian Government was on the point of testing the theory in 1884, when it consulted the local astronomer, Mr. H. C. Russell, who was cruel enough to "demonstrate" that a fire capable of exerting compulsion on Nature in those regions, so as to increase the rainfall at Sydney, would need the consumption of 9,000,000 tons of coal per day. The experiment, therefore, was not tried, but the principle remained. Given a fire of 9,000,000 tons of coal a day, and Nature would in all probability loose her moisture.

Gen. Dyrenforth next turns to the noise of great modern battles, in which the sound of artillery is substituted for "pæans" and "allallas," the perspiration of the contending forces being probably about the same. He finds that the rain which fell after the battles of 1870 was "widely discussed by European scientists." He does not give the names of these scientists, but he does cite an anonymous letter in the *Evening Post* of September in that year which shows that the "German press" had commented on the rainy weather which had accompanied the battles, and in which the writer declared that "there appeared to be little doubt, judging from the data on hand, that many storms and rains which we have had in Germany for the past six weeks—a most unusual thing at this season here—have been brought on by the cannonading and firing of small arms in Alsace and Lorraine." It will be observed that the letter is dated at Frankfort-on-the-Main, and that the rainy weather the writer speaks of was weather "in that [this] part of Germany," and that the battles in Alsace and Lorraine occurred only once a fortnight or so. That the occasional cannonading in France should have given Germany a rainy summer must, therefore, be looked on as a scientific fact of the first order of importance, and yet Prof. Newcomb passes it over without notice. No wonder our plain people distrust the professors.

Gen. Dyrenforth next takes up the battles of our Mexican war and civil war. He shows that "heavy rain followed almost every engagement of importance during the civil, and, so far as can be ascertained, the same was common during the Mexican, war," which, he says, "constitutes almost unquestionable proof that rain can be and is produced by the concussion of cannonading." Fortified with these "proofs," he got an appropriation from the last Congress to enable him to make experiments on the Staked Plains, and started for the scene of action with the following outfit:

> "Sixty-eight explosive balloons 10 and 12 feet in diameter, having a capacity of 525 and 940 cubic feet each, respectively; three large balloons for making ascensions; 20,000 pounds of iron borings and 16,000 pounds of sulphuric acid, together with generators and fittings for manufacturing 50,000 cubic feet of hydrogen gas; 2,500 pounds of powdered chlorate of potash; 600 pounds of binoxide of manganese, with fifty retorts and suitable furnaces and fittings for generating 12,000 cubic feet of oxygen gas.
>
> "Material for making 100 strong cloth-covered kites was also brought from the East, as well as the ingredients for manufacturing several thousand pounds of rackarock powder and other high explosives. The party was also well supplied with electrical and meteorological instruments and apparatus."

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With this apparatus he made awful noises —or "terrific air-quakes," as he calls them—over a considerable area, spreading his explosives so as to make the uproar resemble, as far as possible, that of hostile batteries of artillery in action. He began August 9 at from 5 P. M. to 6 P. M., and opened again for "a shorter time" at 9 P. M. in clear weather. *At noon on the 10th* the clouds began to gather, and torrents of rain fell that afternoon. On the 17th he worked his batteries for twelve hours in clear weather. Late *on the following afternoon* the clouds gathered, and down came the rain in torrents. On the 25th of August he began again at eleven A. M., and exploded till eleven P. M. *At three* A. M. *on the 26th* there came a thunderstorm and floods of rain.

Now, how does Prof. Newcomb meet these "unquestionable proofs"? Alas, by what lawyers call "a general denial." He asserts positively that "sound cannot make rain"; the war of 1870, the Mexican war, and our civil war to the contrary notwithstanding. He lays down two or three propositions which are most disrespectful to Plutarch, the German press, Gen. McNulta, Gen. Garfield, and Gen. Dyrenforth, and, we believe, also to "Uncle Jerry" Rusk of the Agricultural Department. They are these:

(1.) Two steps are necessary to the formation of rain: the transparent aqueous vapor in the air must be condensed into clouds, and the material of the clouds must agglomerate into raindrops.

(2.) The aqueous vapor of the air cannot be condensed into clouds except by *cooling*.

(3.) The cooling may come in two ways —by the meeting of two currents of air of different temperatures, or the rising from the earth of a mass of air warmed by the sun and moistened by evaporation, to cool up above by expansion.

The Professor then goes on to point out that an explosion of a bomb or of dynamite simply pushes aside or compresses the air in all directions for a very short distance. The air, being elastic, when the explosion is over, resumes rapidly its original condition. "A thousand detonations," says the wretched man, "can produce no more effect upon air or upon the watery vapor in it than a thousand rebounds of a small boy's rubber ball would produce upon a stone wall." The stories of rain following battles he dismisses with a smile. Even if true, he declares they are of no consequence. Nature, he intimates, does not care a cent for artillery, and will not alter her processes for all the great guns on earth. Such is "so-called science," as taught in colleges by professors who owe their bread and butter to the Republican party!

Prof. Newcomb asks one cruel question, which Gen. Dyrenforth might well answer by saying it was "none of his business" —that is, what were the clouds doing during the many hours which elapsed between the General's explosions and the appearance of the rain? They were nowhere in sight when the explosions took place. Therefore they must either have been formed right over the General's head, in defiance of physical laws, or else have heard the noise some hundreds of miles away, and come hurrying to the scene.

The whole episode, to be serious, illustrates the way in which politicians among us have separated themselves from the world of science and literature, and of their cool indifference towards the great triumphs of the human mind. Men of Gen. Dyrenforth's standing in Germany or France would never survive the shame of these ridiculous experiments. On this subject Prof. Newcomb closes with the following weighty remarks:

"How much the indisposition of our Government to secure expert scientific evidence may cost it, is strikingly shown by a recent example. It expended several million dollars on a tunnel and water-works for the city of Washington, and then abandoned the whole work. Had the project been submitted to a commission of geologists, the fact that the rock-bed under the District of Columbia would not stand the continued action of water would have been immediately reported, and all the money expended would have been saved. The fact is, that there is very little to excite popular interest in the advance of exact science. Investigators are generally quiet, unimpressive men, rather diffident, and wholly wanting in the art of interesting the public in their work. It is safe to say that neither Lavoisier, Galvani, Ohm, Regnault, nor Maxwell could have gotten the smallest appropriation through Congress to help make discoveries which are now the pride of our century. They all dealt in facts and conclusions quite devoid of that grandeur which renders so captivating the project of attacking the rains in their aerial stronghold with dynamite bombs."

THE ENGLISH LIBERALS AND HOME RULE.

LONDON, September, 1891.

Now that the end of the present Parliament is coming into view, English politicians are beginning to take stock, if I may use the expression, of the contents of their respective party programmes, and in particular of the various branches of what we call the Irish Question and the influence it is likely to have on the general election. As regards that question the process of stock-taking is no easy one, for its position is peculiar and perplexing, and upon it experienced men may be heard to express very different opinions. Comparatively little has been said about Ireland lately in Parliament, for though the Irish Land Bill occupied a great part of last session, the discussions were extremely technical, were listened to by very few members, and excited scarcely any interest in the country. The debates on the Irish estimates were perfunctory, and the attendance of Irish members, through nearly the whole of the session, seldom exceeded one-third of their full strength. Nor have platform speakers on either side of politics made Ireland a prominent item in their harangues. Everybody seems tired of the subject. For two years or more there have been few collisions between the police and the people in Ireland, few evictions, comparatively few imprisonments of leading Nationalists. The Report of the Parnell Commission, unsatisfactory as it was, has been generally felt to have wound up and put into the background the old controversies about the stirring events of the years 1879–'85; and the visible change for the better in Mr. Balfour's attitude and methods, due to the knowledge he has at last begun to acquire of the country he undertook to govern, has relaxed the tension between the Irish and their English rulers. Even before the O'Shea divorce suit of last November, our politicians felt that all their arguments on both sides had been exhausted, and were beginning to turn to fresher topics.

The schism in the Nationalist party which followed Mr. Parnell's deposition threw a deep and ominous gloom over the cause of Home Rule. Even those Liberals who did not give up the cause as for the moment hopeless, thought that the less they said about it for some time to come, the better. The depression of that time has now passed away. Mr. Parnell is evidently beaten. The reappearance of Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien and their declarations against him have given the *coup de grâce* to his pretensions to lead, though they have by no means destroyed the power he may exert to embarrass a Liberal Ministry. There is now no reason why the English advocates of Home Rule should not talk about it as freely as formerly on platforms and put it in the front of their programme. Formally they do recognize and adopt it, and all of the new members elected on the Liberal side are pledged to follow Mr. Gladstone on the question. Nevertheless, comparatively little is heard of it at bye-elections or on Liberal platforms anywhere—so little, indeed, that the friends of the present Government declare that it has been practically dropped. A few weeks ago Mr. Chamberlain pounced eagerly upon a leaflet issued by the Liberal central office, and wrote to the *Times* to insist that, since Home Rule was not mentioned in this leaflet, it must be considered to have been stricken out of the Gladstonian programme. It was at once answered that the omission was accidental, and, indeed, further answered that the leaflet did not profess to supply a complete programme for the Liberal party. However, the opponents of Home Rule, gladly believing that the Liberals have become cold towards it, are bestirring themselves both to insist that it has been dropped because it has been thought unattractive, and also to fasten it as a millstone round the neck of their adversaries.

What amount of truth is there in this contention of the Ministerialists? This much: most of the recent elections have been fought and won upon other issues than those relating to Ireland. Although the Liberal candidate has always declared himself a Home-Ruler, the interest of the voters has obviously lain in quite other matters, and Irish affairs have played a small part in determining their decision. The horizon of an English agricultural laborer is still a narrow one. He has never known much or cared much about Ireland, and he cares as little now as he did in 1886. *In urban or semi-urban districts*, such as Hartlepool and Eccles (to take two constituencies lately reconquered for Mr. Gladstone), the electors are much more intelligent, and capable of having opinions about the relative merits of Mr. Balfour and Home Rule. But it may be doubted whether, even among the city artisans or the miners, the question excites much feeling in the absence of those striking incidents which, like evictions or the imprisonment of popular men, appeal directly to the emotions. The fact is that the English masses have never been deeply stirred by the Irish question either way, though, in districts where cheap Irish labor came into the market, there used to be a certain amount of race feeling against the Irish workman. As this feeling gave such strength as it had to the Anti-Home-Rule party among workingmen, so the strength of the Home Rule cry lay in the belief that English reforms were being delayed by Irish discontent, and that it might be better to leave the Irish alone to settle their own affairs. Neither of these feelings is at present strong.

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There is, as has been said, a lassitude among the leading politicians on the subject, and a corresponding absence of interest on the part of the followers. Ireland is not filling men's minds and mouths as it did in 1881–'82, and again in 1885–'86. Both sides have delivered all the artillery of their arguments; and the Liberals in particular, feeling that nothing they can say will make much difference till a general election arrives, have been glad to leave the subject alone.

But it would be a fatal error to suppose that this lassitude or indifference means the disappearance of the question, or even its relegation to a subordinate place. The next general election must, after all, be mainly fought upon the issue of Home Rule, and the decision of the country between Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone will be a decision between the policies of repression and self-government. There is no other political issue which so sharply divides the two parties. The present Tory Government may justly claim that it has passed not a few measures hitherto associated with Liberalism, and that it is prepared to pass many others, since Home Rule is the only proposal (except, of course, proposals looking to Church Disestablishment) against which the Government is decisively pledged, and it is the only proposal which draws a dividing line that the electors can understand. The Liberal leaders are, moreover, far too deeply pledged to their programme of 1886 to recede from it now. No one suspects Mr. Gladstone of any wish to do so. He said in 1886 that he had given the rest of his life to the solution of this one problem, and he has consistently refrained from grappling with any other. He is sometimes blamed for caring too little about new questions. Every one knows that his whole enthusiasm is still given to this one enterprise, and that he would account it no less a defeat to drop it before the election than to be beaten upon it. Among the other men prominent in the Liberal party there are understood to be some less interested in the Home Rule schemes than he is, and less sanguine of successfully working them out. But the wish, should any such wish exist, to throw Ireland aside, would be at once checked by two considerations.

The first is that the Nationalist party will probably hold, in the next House of Commons, the balance of power. According to present calculations, Mr. Gladstone will have a majority over the Tories and Liberal-Unionists of from 40 to 80. As the Irish Nationalists (reckoning in both Mr. Parnell's little band and the larger section) will reach 80, and as they would of course oppose any English Ministry which did not offer Home Rule, a Liberal Ministry could not take or retain office except upon those terms. The other consideration is not less material. Although, as has been said, the rank and file of the English Liberal party are not deeply interested in Ireland, there are many among the local leaders as well as some active men in the House of Commons who care heartily for Mr. Gladstone's programme of 1886, and would refuse to follow any Liberal Minister who should recede from, or seem to be trifling with, the policy of self-government for Ireland. These are the men by whom the alliance between the Nationalists and English Liberalism will be maintained. Their energy and their conviction make them an important force. It is, therefore, safe to conclude that although there is an obvious contrast between the warmth and profusion of the speeches made about Home Rule in 1886–'87, and the references to the same subject now, the topic will spring into life when the dissolution of Parliament takes place, and will be the main issue which the voice of the electorate will decide.

Quite lately an announcement has been made by the present Government which may bring the subject into prominence even before the dissolution. Mr. Balfour is going to redeem a promise made five years ago, but latterly thought to have been dismissed as imprudent, by introducing next session a bill for creating in Ireland a system of representative local government similar to that given to England in 1888. Many of his followers, and of course among them most of his Irish followers, are displeased and alarmed at the prospect, foreseeing that whatever local bodies may be created will fall under the control of the Nationalist party. Mr. Balfour is endeavoring to explain how he proposes to avert, by various devices restricting the powers of the new bodies, the mischief to be feared from this cause; and he also consoles the "loyal minority" taxpayers by arguing that if Nationalist local councils misspend their local revenues, Nationalists will themselves suffer with the rest. This is cold comfort; and it is not surprising that some Ministerialist organs should blame the Government for preferring the appearance of logical consistency to the real interests of the Irish Protestant landlords and merchants. When this local government scheme comes to be discussed next session, it will virtually raise the whole question of Irish self-government. The Home-Rulers will obtain an opportunity of reiterating their favorite argument that it is absurd to think people will be satisfied by the creation of local bodies whose first impulse will be to quarrel with the bureaucracy of Dublin Castle, and will insist that if local government is to work well, the edifice must be crowned by a central representative body in accord with the popular will. The Government, if they care to persevere with their measure, will be able to push it through, for they have a highly cohesive majority; but the scheme (so far as its outlines are now known) will rather whet than allay the appetite of the Nationalists, and may contribute to bring into further prominence the project of an Irish Legislature. O. D.

THE FINANCIAL CONDITION OF ITALY.

ITALY, September 9, 1891.

THE remote causes of Italy's financial difficulties must be traced to her political and social revolution: to the fact of the sudden violent fusion of seven distinct provinces into one State under a central government endowed with absolute authority, and corresponding responsibility for every department of the political and economical life of the entire new nation. Some of the provinces were fairly flourishing—they at least vegetated like Tuscany, making ends meet; others were deplorably behind the age for several centuries in all the ordinary conditions of modern life, as were Sicily and the Neapolitan Continent, portions of the Romagna, and the Island of Sardinia. Piedmont, the prime mover in the work of unification, was heavily burdened with debt, owing to the costly and unsuccessful wars of 1848, the war of the Crimea, the wars of 1859. The state of the entire country as compared with to-day was similar to the state of England a couple of centuries ago. Bad roads, few railroads or telegraphs or ports and harbors of safety; next to no schools, as the first educational census, giving 17,000,000 of illiterate inhabitants in a population of 22,000,000, proved; charnel pits instead of cemeteries; no fleet, next to no army, etc., etc. The post-offices of Italy were an abomination: Sir Anthony Panizzi several times wrote from Turin that even there life was a burden, owing to the disorderly condition of the post-office; and so on to the end of the chapter.

Well, all this has changed during the last twenty years. Life in Italy, as the veriest grumbler English born and bred must confess, is orderly, comfortable, and regulated on modern principles. Naturally all this has cost treasures of money which the nation did not possess, and which at various times it borrowed. The bill has come in; the present generation and several future ones have to pay it, capital and interest, in sound cash. This is the general history, and now to particulars.

It is asserted that Cavour was a master of finance. This may be. Events compelled him to spend and borrow; death passed on the legacy of debt to his successors, who, whatever other talents they may have possessed, can none of them be styled masters of finance. All "lived by the day," "from hand to mouth," by the emission of treasury bonds, by the sale or mortgage of State property; later, by the sale or mortgage of the confiscated ecclesiastical property; by loans at high interest. From 1861 to 1865 the budget, never presented in time, was always voted "provisionally"; a bill of indemnity was granted for the ever-succeeding deficits, which during these years amounted to $400,000,000, and to meet which the Governments had contracted loans to the amount of $500,000,000, besides selling the State railways, mortgaging vast lands belonging to the nation, and greatly increasing general taxation. Public expenditure had increased from $162,000,000 to $214,000,000 per annum (public works figuring for a large amount in the sum total), and the announcement of the transfer of the capital from Turin to Florence enormously increased that expenditure. At the commencement of 1866, the consolidated 5 per cents had fallen from 65 to 43; hence no new loan was possible and the coffers were empty. The interest on the foreign debt stood at $18,000,000 in 1866. In that year the state of credit throughout Europe was bad, and especially so for the poorest country. Her public securities, largely held in France, returned to her already overburdened market. The banks were heavily drawn upon, and, in spite of great precaution, they saw their gold and silver drained away. The Sardinian and Tuscan banks imported specie and were assisted by the Rothschilds, while the smaller banks quaked for their very existence. In this state of things the Prussian alliance had been concluded and war against Austria was declared. In the enthusiasm of the moment the entire nation forgot every other consideration save that of freeing Venice and uniting her to Italy. The Chamber of Deputies gave the Government plenipotentiary powers, and the Minister of Finance, the Neapolitan Scialoja, presented to the King for signature a decree for the suspension of specie payment.

The measure has been severely criticised as precipitate and unnecessary. We have only to deal with the consequences shown at once by the rate of foreign exchange, the price of consols, the premium on gold in Italy. The variation in all these items was singularly large. The paper circulation, beginning with $50,000,000, increased to $310,000,000 between 1866 and 1876. When it was shown how vastly the paper currency exceeded the metallic circulation in 1872, when it stood as three to two, a hue and cry was raised for the immediate passage of a law prohibiting its increase,

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and for the study of the best method for the return to specie payment. The law limiting the increase of paper was passed in 1874, and the public, from that time until the return to specie payment became an accomplished fact, clamored for the abolition of the forced paper currency.

The business relations between the State and the banks of issue complicated the question. Before the Union, each province had its own bank, whose circulation was almost exclusively local. An attempt was made to form a National Bank of the Sardinian and Tuscan, but the others, declining to be suppressed, lived on, overpowered by the Italian National Bank, as the Sardinian was now named. Up to 1866 no bank could issue notes save in the proportion of two to three uncovered by a coin reserve. When the specie payment was suspended, the Government borrowed from the Italian National $100,000,000, authorizing this bank to issue notes at will. The shares went up enormously; shareholders became millionaires. The circulation of the bank's own legal-tender notes reached, at the end of 1868, $99,000,000. Between 1866 and 1873 the State had borrowed $176,000,000, and the bank's legal tender and the State inconvertible notes passed as current coin throughout the land. Hence the hue and cry against the banking monopoly. In the Chambers the list of the shareholders was demanded but refused by the Government. The inquiry proving that the system ruined the other banks, it was decided that the National Italian, the National Tuscan, the Neapolitan, the Sicilian, and the Tuscan Bank of Credit should form a Confederation (*Consorzio*). The old notes issued by the National Bank were cancelled, and new ones to the amount of $450,000,000 issued, bearing the inscription "Biglietto Consorziale a corso forzoso ed incontrovertibile, Aprile 30, 1874," signed by a delegate of the Government and by the delegate of the Confederation. Each of the six banks was authorized to issue legal-tender notes on its own account to the amount of two-thirds of its paid-up capital or funds proper, with the obligation, of course, to exchange them at sight for the inconvertible notes of the Confederation. To provide for the extraordinary demands of commerce which occur at certain seasons of the year, and for cases of exceptional stringency, the Government was empowered to authorize one or all the banks to enlarge their circulation for a period of three months—or longer for good reasons—to an amount equal to four times their capital, on condition of using the increase in the discount of bills.

Great was the public joy when in 1883 the final return to specie payment was proclaimed. So high was the credit of the country that there was no pressing demand for gold. For a time it seemed that a golden age had opened for Italy, but the country and even the Minister of Finance seemed to forget that the loans contracted abroad in gold, in gold must be repaid. The building mania set in, and the banks exceeded their limits and lent on mortgage *ad libitum*, but the crisis soon arrived, and the banks found that, even if they foreclosed, the unfinished houses would not cover the loans. On examination it was discovered that all the banks of issue had largely exceeded their legal allowance, which is a little over a billion, secured by one-third of the amount in specie. The half-billion to which the excess amounts is not so secured. The late Ministry prohibited all increase, but did not summarily order the poorer banks to provide specie or to liquidate. The present Ministry has suggested a trial of an association between the six banks. The *riscontrato*, as it is called, binds each bank to exchange the notes of the others according to the amount which each holds, answering for the excess. The attempt so far succeeds perfectly for all home transactions. The Government offices, the post-office, the tax-gatherers receive with equal indifference the notes of the National Italian, the Tuscan, Roman, Sicilian, Neapolitan; nor in paying out do we perceive any difference. As to the blame cast on the present Government for the trial of the *riscontrato*, seeing that the prosperous banks were willing to give a helping hand to their weaker brethren, I cannot see the justice of the criticisms. It is all very well to say, Let the weaker banks go to the wall, but no responsible Government will do this until every effort to save them has been exhausted. The conduct of the Bank of England in saving the Baring Brothers was everywhere applauded, not because the Government or the country had any special tenderness for the Barings, but because the step saved numbers of commercial houses and innocent investors, whose calamities would have brought about a general catastrophe.

The steps taken towards decentralization, very gradual and cautious ones, are in the right direction. It is a mistake to believe that local government and administrative freedom will lead to reckless outlay on the part of the emancipated provinces. Hitherto, either from sheer necessity or from a desire to keep pace with their neighbors, they have spent their all and run deeply into debt. The spendthrift son who in his minority borrows, saying, "Babbo paga" (The Governor will pay), alters his course when cut adrift, or when the "Governor's" death makes him alone responsible. So the several parts of Italy, hitherto authorized by the central Government to run into debt, have seen, when worst comes to worst, that the Parliament votes a sum to clear them off. But once the provincial and communal debts consolidated, and each province and commune made aware that henceforward they alone are responsible for their respective liabilities, now that the municipal and provincial councils are elected by all male citizens of twenty-one years of age, there will be a reaction against spendthrift administrators such as Italy has not yet seen. Of course no specific can be found for restoring Italian finance to an immediately prosperous state, but several hopeful items are overlooked by outsiders. Signor Bodio has shown that the income tax is unequally distributed, that 25 per cent. of the wealth of the country escapes taxation. This is being carefully verified. Again, heavily taxed as are the landed proprietors, the taxation is unequal, and, equalized, the tax on land would produce more than it does at present. In short, there is nothing desperate in the situation, though evil prophesies may bring themselves to fulfilment. Italian rentes to-day stand at 92.80; hence we say, remembering how they fell after the suspension of specie payments, if things are bad, they have been much worse, and the present generation *must* bear the pecuniary burdens which the possession of a free country entails.

The millions spent by Italy during the last twenty years have not been wasted on luxury, or on embellishments unproductive and useless. Naples may be to a certain extent reproached in this sense, but even there the largest outlays have been made in substituting the pure, abundant waters of the Serino for the insufficient supply of fetid, filthy, fever and cholera-breeding waters. The communes have spent largely on schools; cemeteries are all obliged by law to be built a certain distance from the city; other sanitary arrangements have made great and steady progress. High roads and railroads, in which Italy thirty years ago was strikingly deficient, have multiplied beyond all credence. Since 1881, the country has spent $300,000,000 which, as they are covered by the issue of railway obligations, form a constant accession of debt. At first the post-offices cost the country enormously. From 2,666 they have risen to 4,358, to say nothing of the collecting boxes, and last year the excess of receipts over expenditure amounted to $973,268. The post-office service is, in my opinion, far more perfect than the English; the postage on newspapers is less than a farthing, and so on all circulars sent open; the parcel post is delightful. Money post cards are equally convenient; you buy a post card for 1 penny, and pay the sum you wish to send up to six francs. Post-office orders for any amount are paid on the instant. The postal savings banks are far better managed than in England, as even in small towns you rarely wait more than a day for the money you require to be paid down. City traffic, as far as omnibuses and trains are concerned, is easy, cheap, and comfortable. In short, Italy in thirty years has done as much for the order, comfort, and decorum of her citizens, and for visitors, as other European nations have done in a hundred. Her poorer classes are miserable enough, but they are better paid, better clothed, and better fed than they were thirty years ago; and if they emigrate in ever-increasing numbers, it is because, in the good old days, they were resigned to their misery, and now they are determined to better their own condition if they can, and at any rate to put their children in a condition to do so.

The present Minister of the Treasury, when he had no hope of taking office, stated that the debts of Italy stood thus:

Public debt	$2,600,000,000
Provincial debt	34,400,000
Communal debt	176,600,000
On mortgage private debt	1,551,800,000

Calculating at 5 per cent., and deducting the 18 per cent. levied upon income, the above total seems to involve a yearly payment of some $200,000,000. Another statement: Out of every hundred dollars spent by Italy, thirty-three go to pay the interest on her several debts, thirty-three for the maintenance of her army and navy; the remaining thirty-four are divided among her other needs. Clearly she must pay her interest and cannot get further into debt. And note that this was what Magliani, her Financial Minister for ten "halcyon" years, told the Chambers in his last financial speech. Showing the deficit in 1887 to stand at $15,000,000, he proposed various methods of covering it; declining to meet the demands for special credits for army, navy, and railways, unless allowed to impose fresh taxes. The proposal was rejected, and Magliani resigned. His duties were then divided between a Minister of Finance and a Minister of the Treasury. The ministers who entered on these duties also proposed taxes, which being refused, they also resigned. The Crispi Ministry came nominally to an end on the proposal to increase the tax on alcohol. The Rudini-Nicotera-Luzzatti Ministry still cling to their programme of economy to the bone and no extra taxation. Let us suppose that they resign in despair; what then? General elections, and a Cabinet which will assuredly *not* bind itself to make bricks without straw and mortar into the bargain—to secure equilibrium in expenditure and income without increasing the latter. One thing is certain: if fresh taxes are laid on, they will be paid up, as all taxes are paid. J. W. M.

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THE FAMILY OF CHALLANT.

ITALY, September 10, 1891.

AGAIN that play of Giacosa, "La Dame de Challant," is mentioned in the Italian newspapers. This time it is definitely announced that the first representation will be given in New York early in November, with Madame Sara Bernhardt in the title rôle. A previous representation at Cincinnati is to count only as a general rehearsal. For a year now the public in Italy has been from time to time reminded of this coming play. We first heard that such a work had been written, but that Italy was to know nothing of it until it had first been produced in America; then that scenes, or the whole play, had been read by the author before select audiences in Turin and elsewhere, crowned, of course, with the enthusiasm which an unpaying public never refuses in return for its invitation. It looked as if a reputation were being carefully "manipulated"; but if the play is really to be brought out so soon in New York, we can wait to know its value.

Up to the present I have been unable to learn anything of the subject, but the Lady of Challant is a title that piques curiosity. No doubt that many a traveller who has stopped at Châtillon before making the ascent of Mont Cervin—or of the Matterhorn, if he prefers to call it by that name—has, in gazing eastward across the extremely lovely landscape commanded by that village, noticed twin peaks rising above St. Vincent. These are called on the maps, one, Bec Torché, and the other variously, if I mistake not, Bec de Frudière, Mont Neri, and Marienhorn; but among the country people thereabout they are known as *les Dames de Challant*. They look down upon a high mountain valley, stretching along behind the range of which they form a part, where may be seen the ruins of a castle, the cradle (or the *Stammschloss*, as the better German expression has it) of the Counts of Challant, the great family that for hundreds of years overshadowed every other in the Valley of Aosta, from the old Roman city itself down to the imposing fortress of Bard. In another part of the valley there is a second château of this family, that of Graines, to which is attached the tradition that a Count of Challant in those early days laid upon his vassals as a *corvée* to cover with earth the snowy slopes of the Bec Torché, lest the glare therefrom should injure the complexion of the ladies of the castle.

Both ruins show that the buildings were never anything more than the fastnesses of a rude age. As the Counts of Challant increased in wealth and power, they found these habitations too bleak for any but a brief summer residence, as well as too far removed from the centre of their interests. They built one castle after another in the main valley of Aosta, until the chain of them became so complete that signals could be exchanged between them all the way down from the slopes of Mont Blanc to Pont St. Martin. Among these there are some noble examples of mediæval architecture. Verrès is a model of beauty as a fortress castle, while, in the valley beneath it, is that gem of fifteenth-century domestic architecture, half château, half manoir, Issogne, still habitable, refurnished from the spoils of other castles and the shops of dealers in antiquities, and where Giacosa is said to have written his really charming volume, 'Paesi e Novelle Valdostani.'

Here, too, he might have found, whether he did or not, a motive for his "Dame de Challant." In 1520, Count René of that family went on an embassy for the Duke Charles III. of Savoy to the Marquis of Monferrato, and at Casale married the widow of Messer Ermes Visconti of Milan. The lady soon found the solitude of Issogne intolerable, especially as cares of state frequently called her husband away from her. She took advantage of his absences to escape to Pavia, where she had a palace, and where she led a life that was, to say the least, dissolute. She had two lovers to whom she gave herself alternately; only when she went from one to the other she was always taken with so vehement a hatred of his predecessor that she was ever urging his assassination upon the favorite of the moment. Both, turn and turn about, were deaf to her entreaties, but at last she found a third lover who murdered for her one of the former two. The lady was, however, arrested, proved guilty of having instigated the deed, and was beheaded in the demi-lune of the castle of Milan. These events form the subject of one of the *novelle* of Bandello.

René afterwards married a lady of the house of Braganza, by whom he had two daughters. The elder, Filiberta, was betrothed to a nephew of Cardinal Madruzzo, Prince of Trent and Governor of Milan. On the eve of the wedding, however, the young lady eloped with a groom. Her mother is said to have died of grief, but the young Madruzzo was finally married to the second sister, Isabella, and inherited the name and titles as well as the goods of Count René de Challant.

It was with René as with the heroine of the fairy tale: at his christening he received every gift of fortune, but the spiteful unbidden fairy came and willed that a strong dose of sorrow should be mingled with every cup of joy. The curse worked after his death as powerfully as before. He died in 1565. His magnificent fortress-castle of Verrès then lapsed to the house of Savoy, while the fiefs bequeathed by him to his son-in-law, Gianfederico Madruzzo, were disputed by other members of the family during more than a century and a quarter. In 1696 they all—including even the castle and barony of Aymavilles, given to Gianfederico during the lifetime of René—returned to the real family of Challant, in the person of Antoine Gaspard, baron of Fénis. The expenses of litigation had, however, so impoverished Antoine Gaspard that his son was obliged in 1716 to sell the castle of Fénis, a richer and more beautiful example of mediæval architecture than even Issogne. It was still of great beauty when I saw it, though fast going to utter ruin under the hands of the peasant inhabiting it. It has since been bought by a member of the Milanese family of Visconti. Aymavilles, a little way off from the road between Aosta and Courmayeur, remained in the family until its final extinction in 1804, but was meanwhile the occasion of a miserable quarrel between brothers, as a result of which it changed ownership after having been despoiled of its treasures of art and antique furniture.

In 1802 another branch of the family came to an end in the castle of Châtillon. Thus at an interval of two years disappeared the last representatives of a race that for 800 years had been foremost in the valley, and that, next to the house of Savoy, had contributed most to its glory. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries they ruled here as viscounts for the Counts of Savoy, who had enough to do in looking after their possessions on the other side of the Alps. They received the title of Counts of Challant in 1416, at the same time that the title of Duke was bestowed upon their suzerain. During their long eminence, or, let us say, until the death of René in 1565, the family furnished a goodly number of men distinguished in the history of their country as generals, as statesmen, and prelates. They had the gift not only of gaining but of extending and strengthening their position. They understood the advantage to this end of alliances by marriage. We have seen that those of René, in spite of their lustre, could not have added to his consideration any more than to his happiness. Other and earlier alliances were more fortunate. In the thirteenth century, one Godefroy de Challant married a Fieschi, by whom he became nephew both to the Doge of Genoa and to Pope Innocent IV., and was "gratified" by the one with the governorship of Genoa, by the other with the title of Roman Senator. (His arms may be seen in the château of Issogne, accompanied by the initials S. P. Q. R.) By another alliance, fortunately not concluded, Châtillon was near becoming a province of England. Humbert III. of Savoy, seeking to increase his strength against Barbarossa, thought to marry his daughter Agnes to the son of Henry II., John Lackland, and to give her in dowry certain lands in Savoy and Piedmont, and with them Châtillon, with the rights inherent in the viscounty of the valley. The negotiations did not succeed, and Agnes was married to a Count of the Genevaise, a district of Savoy, but the attempt was to the advantage of the family of Challant, which was soon after invested with the fief of Châtillon.

I dare not vouch for this story, for I have it from the same authority who assures me that Ébal, surnamed the Great, of Challant, was the mainstay of Amédée V. of Savoy in a successful defence of Rhodes for the Knights of St. John, from which expedition, it is said, date the present arms of Savoy, the silver cross upon a red shield. Other authorities pronounce the story a fable, which is of less consequence to the story of Amédée, which is well enough known, than to that of Ébal, who was one of the greatest figures in the line of Challant, but of whose greatness the records are of the scantiest.

The most authentic, the most obvious testimony to the grandeur of this family is the series of at least a dozen châteaux scattered along the valley of Aosta, so that the traveller is scarcely ever out of sight of one or two of them. (From a point near Châtillon, indeed, three can be seen at once.) They range from the savage fastness of Villa Challant to the palatial splendor of Issogne, giving an admirable picture of the progress of civilization in the Middle Ages, from its beginnings to its culmination. As to what it was at the latter point, two frescoes at Issogne give piquant evidence. One represents sixteen coats of arms of the family of Challant, with the titles, dignities, etc., of the persons to whom they belonged. Underneath is the proud and noble inscription: "Mircir pour les Enfants de Challant." The other is over the throne in the great hall of justice, and depicts—the Judgment of Paris!

The inscriptions here are all in French. In fact, the valley of Aosta—the first acquisition south of the Alps of the house of Savoy, when that house was still French and ruler of Burgundy—is now the sole parcel remaining to them of their possessions of that time, but it did not become Italian with its masters. The names of places, the language of the people, and, in spite of the energetic work of Italianization carried on in these last years, that of the pulpit and of public documents, are all French. Mr. Freeman finds that the mediæval architecture of Aosta is Burgundian and not at all Italian; so it is, though the general

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architecture of the valley is of that frontier kind that seems French if you approach it from Italy, and Italian if you come from France. A few years later, and these records in stone will be the only visible testimony of a time when this was as a corner of France that had somehow found its way over the Alps.

"Chercher midi à quatorze heures" is not ordinarily thought a mark of intelligence, and yet it should be no reproach in the Valley of Aosta, where the church bells ring for noon at eleven o'clock. You are told in explanation that, in the beginning of February, 1536, Calvin came to spread his reform in the valley, and that he did not scruple to incite the people to revolution in order to ally themselves with the Protestant cantons of Switzerland. Thereupon the Bishop of Aosta and Count René de Challant, Marshal of Savoy, Governor and Grand Bailli of the Duchy, convened the States-General to take means to ward off the peril. The measures taken were so menacing to Calvin, kept informed of what went on in the council chamber, that the preacher of predestination showed a clean pair of heels to the enemy—*i. e.*, fled precipitately on the morning of the 8th of March; and when the bells rang at eleven for the assembly, and it was found that there was no longer a schismatic to combat, it was decreed that henceforth they should ever ring at that hour instead of at noon. I do not know whether this counsel should or should not be counted among the fortunate doings of René de Challant. S. K.

Correspondence.

ETIQUETTE AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: "Republican simplicity" is doubtless a good thing in its way; but are there not limits beyond which even so unobjectionable a thing may not be carried without a breach of good taste? In view of my experience at a reception given by the President of the United States at the White House, on Thursday afternoon last, to the members of the Medical Congress lately in session in Washington, I am disposed to give a decidedly affirmative answer to this question.

Entering the north door of the White House in company with a well-known New York physician, I was somewhat surprised to find that the official who opened the door for us was dressed not in livery, but in ordinary every-day costume. He admitted us, however, with some show of ceremony, and we entered the historic White House—only to observe standing in the hallway, and evidently on duty, two of as slouchily dressed policemen as one could meet in a day's walk through any of the worst-governed of our large cities.

Recovering presently from the slight shock which these first experiences of White House ways had caused us, we were duly presented to the President, and, after a short time spent in inspecting the portraits and other objects of interest in the several reception rooms and parlors, we turned our steps to the door through which we had entered. This time there were several ununiformed officials about it, and, as we approached, one of them deliberately (or perhaps without deliberation) raised his foot and *kicked the door open* so that we might pass out. Comment seems unnecessary. I regret to say that there were in attendance upon the Medical Congress and at the President's reception a number of distinguished physicians from Europe. Let us hope that they are too charitable to remark our shortcomings. Probably they have been educated to expect nothing better of us. S. T.

Baltimore, September 27, 1891.

GOOD ROADS, NOT HARD ROADS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: You have given us the benefit of some valuable suggestions on the subject of good roads. Permit a suggestion on the other side, assuming that you mean a hard road like the Telford pavement to be a standard. Riding is simply impossible even on a macadamized road—that is, the horse is ruined and the rider tortured. As to Belgian blocks, one might as well attempt riding on newly frozen ice. Driving is little better if for pleasure. The perfection of a pleasure road is a dirt road, without a stone, and this reasonably dry; turf for riding, of course, but with us this is unknown, saving in the few places where hunting is practised and farmers do not object to strangers galloping over their fields.

One word may be deemed of value. An omnibus driver in London told me that the only pavement on which a horse could stand up was the macadam. On all the others the horses were down every few minutes in rainy weather. The strapping of the driver to the coach bore witness to this peril. R. C. M.

Philadelphia.

ESPRIT D'ESCALIER ONCE MORE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: If your discussion of *l'esprit d'escalier* be not wholly at an end, here is something that bears upon it, and indeed I should think might settle it. I have just been reading Emmanuel Arène's account of President Carnot's late visit to Corsica. When the President arrived at Bocognano, two of the daughters of Bellacoscia, one of the famous bandit brothers who have been in revolt against the authorities for forty years, sought an interview with him to ask their father's pardon. Emmanuel Arène was the intermediary. Julie, the younger, who, it seems, is young and good-looking and not unconscious of her attractions, was to do the talking. But at the critical moment she became confused, had hardly anything to say, and was led away. "On the staircase only," the writer continues—"for even in the *maquis* is found *l'esprit d'escalier*—she said to me in a tone of reproach: 'You took me away just at the instant when I was going to speak up'" (*Dans l'escalier seulement—même au maquis on trouve l'esprit de l'escalier—elle me dit d'un ton de reproche: Vous m'avez fait partir au moment où j'allais parler*).

Emmanuel Arène is deputy from Corsica, one of the best known of French literary men and journalists; and this account appeared originally in the *Figaro*. I don't see how anything could well be more French.

Very truly yours,
William Henry Bishop.

Nice, September 14, 1891.

ESCAPE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As to *escape* in the sense of escaped person or thing, it may be added that Stedman ('Poets of America,' p. 316) attributes to Lowell the following:

> "All of thee but thyself I grasp;
> I seem to fold thy luring shape,
> And vague air to my bosom clasp,
> Thou lithe, perpetual *Escape!*"

My edition of Lowell does not seem to contain this. Where is it?—Yours,

H. M. Whitney.

Beloit College, September 19, 1891.

Notes.

Estes & Lauriat's fall list includes three works elaborately illustrated with photogravures, namely, Bulwer Lytton's 'Last Days of Pompeii' and 'Rienzi,' and 'The Lily of the Arno,' a book about Florence, by Virginia W. Johnson.

Ginn & Co. begin directly the publication of an International Modern Language Series, edited by Profs. F. Bôcher of Harvard and Alphonse N. Van Dell of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. It will be in three divisions—university, intermediate, and elementary; the first, in charge of Prof. Bôcher, embracing Montaigne's 'De l'Institution des Enfans,' from the text of 1580; Molière's 'Le Misanthrope;' and Racine's 'Andromaque,' text of 1697. As yet there is but a single announcement in German.

Mr. Edward Eggleston's story 'The Faith Doctor,' which has been running in the *Century*, is now ready to appear in book form with the imprint of the Messrs. Appleton.

Rufus C. Hartranft has in press 'Was Abraham Lincoln a Spiritualist?' by Mrs. Nettie Colburn Maynard.

Longmans, Green & Co. will issue a volume of poems by the historian Lecky.

A 'History of Printing,' left unfinished by the late William Blades, and intended for the "Book Lovers' Library," has been edited by Talbot B. Reed and will be published by Elliot Stock with illustrations.

The third and concluding part of the 'American Catalogue, 1884-1890,' which consists of the subject-alphabet, has made its appearance from the office of the *Publishers' Weekly*, No. 330 Pearl Street. Like its two predecessors, this periodic record has been achieved by much disinterested and ill-requited labor. It is an inestimable boon to the sellers and buyers of books.

The sixth annual issue of 'Poor's Directory of Railway Officials, etc.' (H. V. & H. W. Poor), is a fresh surprise in respect to the amount of information compactly conveyed. For the personnel of our railway system it is simply invaluable, and it comprehends street railways as well as steam, has a chapter on the roads of Mexico, Central and South America, an index to all the officials named in the steam division of the United States, and more than thirty pages of news concerning lines projected and under construction—a novel feature of no little importance.

It is some thirteen years since we reviewed the first volume, in English, of Prof. Pasquale Villari's 'Life and Times of Machiavelli.' In the meantime, as we have duly noticed, the great work has been completed and become classic. The English translation, by the author's wife, was, however, imperfect for the latter half of the Italian publication, omitting two chapters and all the justificatory documents. One of these chapters, bearing on the times rather than on the life of a statesman apparently insensible to æsthetic considerations, dealt with the state of the fine arts; another, and the more important, exhibited the critics of Machiavelli, both contemporary and posthumous, both monarchs and historians. These chapters are numbered ix. of Book I., and v. of Book II., in the two handsome volumes just issued by Charles Scribner's Sons. The hitherto omitted documents are found

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here, and all the illustrations, and the text has been revised by the author and translator. The new edition is, therefore, emphatically the one to procure, especially for public libraries.

The third edition of Prof. Mahaffy's 'History of Classical Greek Literature,' revised and enlarged (Macmillan & Co.), follows the first by an interval of eleven years. The work has lost nothing of its readableness and interest, and, as may be inferred, has been superseded by no rival. The two volumes are handy and very comely.

The second volume of the new six-volume edition of Landor's 'Imaginary Conversations' (London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan) concludes the Classical Dialogues, and adds the Dialogues of Sovereigns and Statesmen, the last of which is between Bishop Shipley and Benjamin Franklin over the American war. The editor, Mr. C. G. Crump, makes a slight error in assigning the probable date of this conversation to "the year 1775, *soon after the Declaration of Independence.*" The year cited is the only possible one, since it was that of Franklin's return to this country, and the dialogue implies a leave-taking at the ship's side; but the Declaration was yet afar off. This edition is as beautiful as it is inexpensive.

The recent revival of interest in South America may be partly responsible for the reprint of Charles Waterton's classical 'Wanderings in South America' (T. Nelson & Sons). The author's three journeys, in 1812 and later, to the Guianas and Brazil, and his travels to Buffalo, in 1824, in the hope of hunting the bison which he expected to find disporting on the shores of Lake Erie, certainly have an interest of their own, even when this is almost purely antiquarian.

'I Migliori Libri Italiani' is the title of a catalogue of the best Italian books, which has just been issued by Hoepli in Milan. As the choice is based upon the opinions of a hundred of the most eminent Italian scholars, the list may doubtless be accepted as a good guide to Italian literature.

'Joseph Mazzini und die Italienische Einheit,' by Adolf Friedrich Graf von Schack (Stuttgart: Cotta), is a volume consisting chiefly of personal reminiscences and impressions, and forms an interesting supplement to the author's recently published 'Memoirs.' The work shows what an immense power Mazzini possessed of exciting enthusiasm in all persons with whom he came in contact, even when they had no part or lot in his political aspirations and achievements. It is an eloquent and just vindication of the character and career of the great organizer of revolutions, and of the means employed for the accomplishment of his patriotic purposes. The work is also of additional interest as a proof of the enduring intellectual vigor and unconquerable energy of Count von Schack, who, in the seventy-seventh year of his age and totally blind, exhibits a freshness and versatility of literary activity worthy of his manhood's prime.

When Michael Servetus was burned at the stake in Geneva, on October 22, 1553, his principal theological work, and the immediate cause of his martyrdom, 'Christianismi Restitutio,' suffered the same fate; and with such fiery zeal did the hangman perform his office that the book became so exceedingly rare as to acquire great value in the eyes of bibliophiles. This treatise, which, like Calvin's 'Institutio Christianæ Religionis,' was published anonymously, and doubtless intended as a refutation of the stern Genevan's system of divinity, has now been translated for the first time into German by Dr. Bernhard Spiers, under the title 'Michael Servet's Wiederherstellung des Christenthums.' The first volume is already in press (Wiesbaden: Limbarth), and will contain Servetus's views of the doctrine of the Trinity, which were those of a rather conservative Unitarian of the present day, and would now be regarded as sufficiently orthodox. We may add that 'Christianismi Restitutio' contains a remarkable passage referring to the movement of the blood through the arteries and veins, showing that this learned and keenly observant physician knew something of the circulation of the blood nearly a century before William Harvey's 'De Motu Cordis et Sanguinis' was printed.

The historic "Hasty Pudding Club" of Harvard College, which will complete its centennial in 1895, has just issued its Eleventh Catalogue of Officers and Members (Cambridge, Mass.: Charles H. Thurston), the first one having appeared in 1829. This catalogue also contains a slight historical sketch of the Club, and much interesting information about it. Nearly 3,700 names, of whom some 2,400 survive, are on the membership rolls; and it speaks well for their quality that four presidents of the University, ten of other colleges, eighty overseers, fifteen fellows, eleven deans, two treasurers, seven librarians, and eighty-two professors of the University, seven United States Cabinet officers, eight Senators, eighteen foreign ministers, five governors of States, ten Federal and twenty-five State judges, and forty-one members of Congress were undergraduate participants in the "Pudding's" forensic or histrionic gatherings. This list of notables is increased by a distinguished body of honorary members, many of whom had attained dignity before election. George Bancroft, Edward Everett, John G. Palfrey, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Freeman Clarke, Benjamin R. Curtis, William H. Furness, and James Russell Lowell were among the Club's secretaries whose recorded writings remain in its archives. The Club's histrionic renascence dates from the year 1845.

Advocates of the higher education of women who have doubted the friendliness of the Johns Hopkins University towards female candidates for its post-graduate privileges, should take heart of grace from the fact that Miss Florence Bascom (a daughter of the ex President of Wisconsin University) will enter the University at the beginning of the current year as a student in the department of geology, giving special attention to petrography. While enjoying "all the privileges of the University," she will "not be a candidate for a degree." In this respect the attitude of the great institution which thus graciously opens its side-door to a woman is reassuring to the noble army of the cautious.

In the *Revue Bleue* for September 12, M. Michel Bréal has a brief note recording the excellent effect of a recent reform in the Paris "collèges de jeunes filles," by which single forenoon sessions are substituted for morning and afternoon, with a Thursday holiday. Teachers and pupils have alike been stimulated, and parents are pleased to have more of their daughters' society, while more leisure is obtained for household duties, for drawing and music. The Collège Sévigné has set the example, which the Government is likely to imitate in the case of the Lycée Racine. We may add that at one of our women's colleges at least (Smith) there are no afternoon recitations.

In *Das Magazin für Litteratur* of September 5, an account is given by Karl Theodor Gaedertz of what he calls "Ein kleiner Goethefund." He was the discoverer, some years ago, of Goethe's unpublished verses to Rosine Städel, and that successful result of rummaging among the manuscripts in the Royal Library at Berlin led him to further researches in the same archives. Among the literary remains of the collector, Von Meusebach, he found eight letters and notes by Goethe. Two of these—to Von Kleist and Schopenhauer—were known and printed by Hoffmann thirty years since, though the former does not figure in the catalogue of the Goethe-Ausstellung of 1861. Six are entirely new, though they have but slight interest beyond that which attaches to anything connected with the poet's personality. The first, dated November 26, 1801, and also the second, undated, are friendly notes to Von Voigt, Minister of State, referring to various educational and literary projects the two were working together to further. The third is to the Orientalist and bibliophile Friedrich von Diez, questioning about authors and persons who could be of use to Goethe in writing the poems afterwards collected in the 'Westöstlicher Divan'; it bears date, February 22, 1815. The next letter is a mere note to go with a presentation copy of the second volume of his 'Italienische Reise,' and is addressed, October 22, 1816, to a certain Herr von Witzleben. The fifth is to an unknown correspondent, and relates to Goethe's interest in meteorology, and the last is similarly connected with his scientific enthusiasms, being a note to the mineralogist Eichhorn, under date January 19, 1818.

The executive council of the Burns Federation will publish a yearly chronicle, of which the first number is promised for the beginning of next year. It is to contain an account of the measures taken after the poet's death to make provision for his family, a description and list of the monuments erected to his memory, and other matter; so that, altogether, it will be a valuable addition to Burns literature.

The author of 'Forty Years in a Moorland Parish,' Dr. Atkinson, owes to that delightful work perhaps more than to others of permanent historical and linguistic value the conference on him of a York canonry by the Archbishop of York, which is now made public.

The Philadelphia *American Notes and Queries* has just been taking the suffrages of the press of this country as to the prevailing pronunciation of "advertisement." The result is given in detail in its issues of September 12 and 19. It is a very mixed vote, geographically, and the editors abandoned the attempt to indicate sectional usage, nor did they (what was easier) try to check the numerical majority by weight of authority. The usage is almost evenly divided between accenting the antepenult and the penult—230 for the former, 250 for the latter.

The ninth edition of 'Stieler's Hand-Atlas' is concluded with Parts 31, 32 (Gotha: Justus Perthes; New York: Westermann). As usual, have been kept to the last those portions of the earth's surface still under exploration or liable to political changes, as Africa, Asia Minor, the Balkan Peninsula. There is yet a small chance for European "influence" to be established in Africa, but only in an enclave, for the coast has been occupied without a break. The new German and the adjoining British East Africa is depicted in a side-map on an enlarged scale. Mt. Kilimandjaro is on the line, but is wholly given up to Germany. For the first time this standard work, whose authority and beauty of execution need not be insisted on, is provided with an alphabetic index of names, certainly the most extensive ever made for a work of this kind. It fills all but 200 pages of fine print in seven columns. This

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enormous addition to the usefulness of the Atlas will, of course, never hereafter be abandoned. The English explanations at the head of the "Namensverzeichnis" leave something to be desired in point of idiom.

The "hereafter" of atlases and encyclopædias in Germany begins directly upon the close of an edition. Hence we receive from Westermann & Co. a sample of the forthcoming fourteenth issue of 'Brockhaus's Konversations-Lexikon,' in sixteen volumes. The importance of this announcement lies in the fact that, by the *time of completion, this famous work*, begun in 1796, will have attained its hundredth year, and celebrated a jubilee hitherto vouchsafed only to the 'Britannica' among voluminous cyclopædias. Its features are too well known to need recapitulation.

The September Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society is wholly devoted to a paper upon "Ptolemy's Topography of Eastern Equatorial Africa," by Henry Schlichter, and the discussion which followed the reading of the paper before the Society. The chief point of general interest made was that Ruwenzori, the snow-covered range discovered by Stanley in his last expedition, is the Mountains of the Moon. The discussion was participated in by Lieut. Stairs, one of Stanley's officers, Mr. Clements Markham, and the well-known cartographer, Mr. Ravenstein. The last strongly opposed the methods by which the author reached some of his conclusions.

"F." writes to us from Amherst: "Your correspondent 'X.' says: 'The American use of gotten . . . is harder to explain.' But he goes far to explain it when he says 'it is heard among persons who are careful in their language.' These 'careful' people are unwilling to use the shorter form, because as usually spoken it has a vulgar sound from associations suggested by the famous etymology of the family name Guthrie. I think that is all there is to it."

—The five serials of one sort and another now running in *Harper's* demand the greater part of the magazine's space, and there is little in the October number, outside of them, to call for comment. Miss Woolson's paper on "Cairo in 1890" dwells upon the changes wrought of late in the city, and is pleasantly discursive about many things Egyptian. The rise of interest in art studies in this city is clearly shown in the account of "The Art Students' League." Mr. Davis's short story has a good deal of melodrama about it, but is original and vigorous. The instalment of letters from Dickens to Collins goes far towards bearing out the assertion of the London *Truth*, that Collins, in his life-time, turned over to Forster all that he had of Dickens's worth printing.

—Mr. Kennan makes a good point, in his Russian paper in the October *Century*, by showing that the cataloguing and description of the archæological treasures of the museum at Minusinsk came from the hands of political exiles, thus refuting the assertion of the Government that it banished only "half-educated schoolboys," etc. Mr. H. S. Maxim writes of aerial navigation (or "aviation"), and his solution of the problem coincides with Prof. Langley's. The machine on which this eminent inventor is at work will ere long put his views to the test. The title of Lieut. H. R. Lemly's article, "Who Was El Dorado?" will itself be a revelation to many who have always associated the name with a region, not a man. The origin of the myth is discussed in an interesting way, with many curious illustrations taken from the archæological collections of a Colombian, Señor Ruiz. The article comes in very well with the general attention now given to American origins. In the Italian Old Masters series, Mr. Cole gives us a wonderfully good reproduction of a portrait by Lorenzo di Credi. The story of the Ute massacre of 1879 is told by Lieut.-Col. Sumner, and characteristically illustrated by Frederic Remington. Mr. Gosse writes of Rudyard Kipling, and Mrs. Pennell of a curious form of jousting in Provence, the "Water Tournament."

—The right of the Corso in Rome to be numbered among the "Great Streets of the World" is admitted by Mr. W. W. Story, who writes of it in the October *Scribner*, to rest almost entirely upon associations with the past. Impressive neither in its proportions nor in its architectural features, possessing but few of the treasure-houses of art which constitute so large a part of the city's modern distinction, it still remains the most famous street of Rome, on account of its pedigree, dating back, as it does, to the Flaminian Way of which it once formed a part, and of the countless spectacles of historic significance which it has seen, from the Roman triumphs to the modern processions of Popes and sovereigns. The article on "Hunting American Big Game" reminds us how the possibility of such writing is rapidly disappearing, as the account dates itself ten years ago. Major Powell gives the geological explanation of the "New Lake in the Desert," and natural science is further exemplified in "The Biography of the Oyster." Edwin C. Martin writes of "Carlyle's Politics" in the larger sense of that word, and maintains the thesis that "Carlyle had no hope of getting trade and industry conducted on other general rules than those of supply and demand, and purchase in the cheapest and sale in the dearest market; and he had no desire to employ the hand of Government in all the small affairs of individual life." Confessing that "this, indeed, he nowhere gave himself the pains of explicitly saying," Mr. Martin goes on to "gather it, as one runs, by implication," though he does not meet with much success in subduing the refractory material to the desired interpretation.

—The literary problem which Emily Dickinson presents is partly solved and partly made more complex by the letters of hers printed by Mr. T. W. Higginson in the October *Atlantic*, and by the slight information about her which he gives along with them. They show that her prose expression was of a piece with her poetical, and so that her literary personality was single and sincere, but they leave us almost as much in the dark as ever in regard to the sources of her strange endowment. But they are of remarkable interest in any case, and reveal her as an Emersonian several shades more concise and oracular than Emerson. The note they give to the number is sustained by "The Ascetic Ideal," another of those papers, by Harriet W. Preston and Louise Dodge, in which ancient times are made to live again—the personalities and the age chosen this time being Jerome and some of the elect Roman ladies with whom he was intimate, in the days of oncoming celibate and cenobitic life—and by Henry F. Randolph's "In London with Doctor Swift," an article which dwells on the softer side of the cynic's nature. The writer on Gen. Thomas thinks that soldier did not have the recognition he deserved, either during the war or after it, and rather fancifully appeals to Virginia to rank him with her other sons, Lee and Jackson. Biography is further represented by articles on Sir John Macdonald and Ignatius von Döllinger. Other papers which we must leave unmentioned help to make a number that, more than ever this month, by force of contrast, shows how faithful the magazine is to its old and worthy traditions.

—In the *Nation* of November 13, 1890, we reviewed with the highest praise Miss Garnett's 'The Women of Turkey and their Folk-Lore: The Christian Women,' and have now to mention briefly with equal approval the concluding volume on the 'Jewish and Moslem Women' (London: David Nutt). In the former notice we said that Miss Garnett gave a very encouraging account of the Christian women of Turkey and the advance they had recently made in education, and added, "If the next volume shows any similar advance on the part of the Semitic and Moslem women, we need not despair of the future of the country." Such a corresponding advance does not seem to have been made, nor does it appear so necessary if what Miss Garnett tells us of the Osmanli women is true. The traditional notion of the Turk in his family relations receives a severe blow in the present work, and a multitude of gross errors constantly cropping out in the books of superficial travellers are here corrected. The work inspires a hopeful view of the various races of the empire, and shows that the Turk himself possesses many qualities which should entitle him to the respect and sympathy of his Christian neighbor. The present volume does not contain quite so much folk-lore as the previous one, but otherwise it is more important and interesting. Mr. Stuart-Glennie contributes a note on "Moslem and Christian Marriage Laws," and three concluding chapters on the "Origins of Matriarchy," in which he makes use of the marriage folk-lore of the two volumes to support his view that human sexual intercourse was not originally promiscuous—a theory usually deduced from the prevalence of Maternal Filiation. This is not the place to discuss Mr. Stuart-Glennie's views on this topic or on the origin of folk-lore in general; they do not add much to the value of Miss Garnett's work, which, we repeat, is worthy of the highest praise.

—The bronze lion of the Piazzetta of Venice was the subject of an interesting communication made by M. Casati to the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres at its session of July 24. The lion has been recently taken down in order to make some indispensable repairs, and the antiquaries and the photographers have had a fair chance at it. No one knows with absolute certainty either its age or its origin. Some have thought it Assyrian, some Etruscan, some mediæval, but there is a complete lack of documentary evidence, printed or in manuscript, to throw any sure light upon its history. M. Casati believes it to be Etruscan, and he laid before the Academy its photograph, together with those of two well-known Etruscan monuments—the chimæra which is in the Florence Museum, and the winged griffin which is now at Leyden. These last statues bear, one on its flank and the other on its paw, the difficult and doubtful word *Tins-cvil*, which has been interpreted by Hebraists as *draco*, *capra*, *leo*. Gori, the Italian scholar, renders it by *pronus ad vindictam;* while M. Casati thinks that it means "*ex voto* to Jupiter." Whatever its meaning, the two statues on which it is found are beyond any doubt Etruscan, and they have the same artistic character as the lion of Venice. M. Casati has before this

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pointed out that it is the Etruscans who have left us the finest early works in bronze, and notably statues of animals of colossal size.

—In a recent number of the *Revue Bleue*, M. Raoul Rosières asks and answers the question, "Why is Lamartine no longer read?" with something almost like ferocity. To begin with, he says, Lamartine's early (and only) success was an accident: his poems, appearing just at the beginning of the Romantic revolt, not only kept to the classic model and even improved upon it, but breathed forth such decorous conservatism and devoutness that the clerical party and Louis XVIII., "who yearned for a Racine to adorn his reign," welcomed his advent with enthusiasm. But his patrons were soon swept away, and with them a market for his wares, and the rest of his life became a desperate struggle for popular approval, which he for ever posed as disdaining. Till his death "un homme d'avant 1820," he was not only a man of superficial education, but of such perverted literary taste as to prefer Ossian to Dante, and a stanza of Byron to the whole of Molière, La Fontaine, and Béranger. Devoid of originality, he borrowed prodigally —from Chateaubriand, from J. J. Rousseau, from Pope, from Bernardin de St. Pierre, and from a half-dozen others, from each of whom he would snap up a maxim or an epigram

"and make it his own
By repeating it o'er in a Sibylline tone."

His life was unreal in its fantastic austerity and self-delusion, and hence his depiction of life was unsubstantial. His future power to please rests alone in his smooth and sonorous verse, which, always over-written, is at times even faulty in rhyme and grammar; for, left behind by accident in "the century of ideas," as he seemed to be, he was able to do nothing better there than "change into gold pieces the sum that his predecessors had scattered about in big coppers, without adding a centime to its total." But was this alchemy despicable?

—The many friends and former pupils of Dr. Franz Friedrich Ernst Brünnow will learn with regret of this distinguished astronomer's death, which occurred at Heidelberg, Germany, on August 20. Dr. Brünnow was born at Berlin on November 18, 1821, and entered the University of that city in 1839, devoting himself to mathematics, physics, astronomy, and kindred branches of study, and taking the degree of doctor of philosophy in 1843. In the spring of 1847 he was appointed director of the observatory at Bilk, near Düsseldorf, where his observations won for him in the following year the gold medal of the Royal Academy of Brussels. In 1851 he was made first assistant at the Berlin Observatory under Encke, where he remained till 1854, when he was called to Ann Arbor as director of the newly established observatory and as Professor of Astronomy in the University of Michigan. In 1866 he removed to Dublin as Professor of Astronomy in Trinity College, director of the observatory at Dunsink, and Astronomer Royal of Ireland. Ill-health, resulting in weakened eyesight, compelled him to resign these positions in 1873; since then he has resided in Basle (1874–'80), Vevey (1880–'88), Oxford (1888–'89), and lastly in Heidelberg until the time of his decease. Besides his doctoral dissertation, 'De Attractione Moleculari' (1843), and the treatise on Vico's comet, for which the gold medal of the Belgian Academy was awarded him in 1848, Dr. Brünnow has published an elaborate work on 'Spherical Astronomy,' 'Tables of Victoria' (1859), 'Tables of Iris' (1869), and 'Dunsink Observations' (1870 and 1873). His 'Spherical Astronomy' appeared originally in German, while he was professor at Ann Arbor, but he himself immediately prepared an English edition of it, and Russian, French, Italian, and two Spanish translations were also published. Dr. Brünnow was a quiet, modest scholar and a charmingly sincere and simple-hearted man. He married Rebecca Lloyd Tappan, only daughter of the well-known Chancellor of the University of Michigan. Their only son, Dr. Rudolph Brünnow, is now Professor Ordinarius of Oriental Languages at the University of Heidelberg. He has edited several Arabic and Assyrian texts, and is the author of an excellent classified list of all simple and compound cuneiform ideographs occurring in the texts hitherto published, with their Assyro-Babylonian equivalents and phonetic values (Leyden: Brill, 1888–'89).

SLANG DICTIONARIES.

Slang and Its Analogues Past and Present. Compiled and edited by John S. Farmer. Vol. II. C–Fizzle. London. Printed for subscribers only. 1891.

A Dictionary of Slang, Jargon, and Cant. Compiled and edited by Albert Barrère and Charles G. Leland. Two volumes. Printed for subscribers only at the Ballantyne Press.

THE increasing interest that continues to be paid to language, not for what it conveys but for what it is in itself, finds no more marked manifestation than in the rapid multiplication of special dictionaries. There is scarcely any art, any science, any department of human endeavor that does not have its lexicon, in which is carefully explained everything that is distinctive in its own terminology or peculiar in the significations of the common words it employs. The speech that is not known at all to literature, and lives only in the mouths of uneducated men, is coming more and more to be carefully and fully recorded. But dictionaries of the various kinds just indicated are after all of limited interest. They appeal at best to a class comparatively small. A subject of much more general concern is denoted by the title at the head of this article.

In a previous number of this journal we have spoken at some length of the first volume of a projected work, the second volume of which is now before us. It includes the letters of the alphabet from C to nearly the middle of F. This second volume can be fairly said to be superior to its predecessor. It labors, it is true, under many of the defects that characterized the plan of that attempt as well as the method of carrying it out. Still, labor and earnestness and zeal will always produce results of value, even if other and more important qualities are lacking; and the compiler can feel confident that his work will always need to be consulted by the student of the subject, even if it cannot be deemed in any sense a final authority.

The other work before us, entitled 'A Dictionary of Slang, Jargon, and Cant,' is already completed. Everything has been done to make its two volumes attractive to the eye. The paper is beautiful, the print is beautiful, the binding is beautiful. If the external appearance of a book could only be regarded as sufficient evidence of the goodness of its contents, or as a satisfactory substitute for their unsatisfactoriness, the present work would leave little to be desired. Unfortunately for it, a prejudice exists in favor of completeness and accuracy of information in any production that assumes the title of a dictionary. Otherwise, indeed, there is no sufficient reason for its having been brought into existence at all. With every disposition to judge the present work with the fullest charity, it must be said that it is very poorly done. It is not so much a dictionary as a heterogeneous collection of notes on words and phrases. These have been thrown together without order and examination, and in many cases evidently with no attempt whatever at a verification of the statements that are made.

A dictionary of French 'Argot and Slang,' compiled some time ago by Barrère, who is really responsible for the present work, did not arouse any glowing anticipations as to what would be accomplished in any production of the sort in which he was the one principally concerned. But the results of his labors as here exemplified are far worse than any previous efforts could have led the least sanguine to expect. Not that it is necessary to deny that there is much that is interesting in these two volumes, much that is valuable. But they are marked throughout by defects of the gravest character. These exist in the statement of the matter contained in them as well as in the matter itself. The work comprises a great deal of which our own ignorance does not permit us to express either a favorable or unfavorable opinion. But it also contains a great deal upon which a very definite opinion can easily be pronounced; nor does it require an excessive amount of knowledge on the part of any one to discover the ignorance displayed in its compilation.

This may seem harsh criticism, but the evidence to be presented will show that it partakes rather of the nature of understatement than of overstatement. Even when the compiler apparently comprehends the subject upon which he sets out to enlighten us, he manages to convey his information in a way to mislead the reader. This is done partly by the failure to make the slightest use of typographical aids. Different meanings of the same word are often joined together in the same sentence as if they expressed the same sense. Sometimes they are separated from each other only by a comma. Not unfrequently, again, there is no distinction made between two words which happen to have precisely the same form though they may be absolutely distinct in signification and origin. For illustration, *gad* appears first as a gypsy word with the meaning of "shirt." Without the slightest break there follows at once in the same paragraph "upon the gad," with the definition of "upon the sudden," and marked as "popular." There is everything in the way these meanings appear, to give the reader the impression that they are in some way connected, and that *gad* is the same term in both. He who should accept this natural view would find, however, the transition of meaning a peculiarly difficult problem to solve.

Even a more significant illustration of the reckless way in which the information contained in the work has been pitchforked together is afforded by the treatment given to the word *mess*. Most dictionaries of any size contain an expression in which a peculiar usage of that term appears. "To lose the number of one's mess" is defined in them as a nautical phrase meaning "to die." It is in the following way that this dictionary records the usage: "*Mess* (army and navy), to lose the number of one's mess, to die." It seems clear enough that the compiler knew after a fashion what he wanted to say. It is absolutely certain that he did not know how

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to say it. Dictionaries, it is not to be forgotten, are not made for the people who are already informed, but for those who are seeking information. The only reasonable interpretation that could possibly suggest itself to one who was entirely ignorant of this particular phrase is, that *mess* is a verb which in the army and navy bears the meanings here ascribed to it, and that in consequence it means "to die."

As if this were not enough, the dictionary sometimes enters one word and proceeds to give a definition of its various meanings, but in the process of doing this another word, related to it, is defined instead. Thus *white-boy* is put down as a term of endearment, in use in the seventeenth century, for a favorite child. Then, without any notification of a difference of meaning, it is declared to have been assumed by Irishmen during the agrarian outburst early in the present century. A mistake of about fifty years in the statement of this fact is not perhaps a matter of much consequence. But the next sentence of the paragraph passes at once to the further definition of the term as an Americanism with the sense of "disinterested," "white-souled." An illustrative quotation follows, taken from one of Besant's novels, though without mentioning the name of that author. From it we discover that the last signification belongs not to the noun *white boy*, but to the adjective *white*, which has received no mention at all.

This confused jumble is in no way peculiar to the information contained in the examples just cited. Column after column could be filled with similar illustrations, in which there seems no reason to doubt that the compiler knows himself the facts which he finds it impossible to communicate to others in an intelligent manner. These are things, however, that concern only the way in which the matter has been worked up. Far greater fault can be found with the matter itself. Errors both of omission and of commission exist. Of the former of these, the lack of illustrative quotations is one of the most signal. They are often badly needed in this work, where the explanations given are often of the kind that do not explain. Their comparative infrequency might under ordinary circumstances be defended on the ground of want of room. The manifestation, however, of an insatiable desire to occupy a great amount of space with discussing everything else than the real subject has forestalled any apology of that sort. Entries connected with the stage are the ones in which this disposition manifests itself most conspicuously. Under *super* there are two columns given up to a glowing panegyric upon the merits of "these humble but valuable auxiliaries of the theatre," as they are styled. Under *pross*, "to sponge," there is a good deal of miscellaneous information imparted as to the extent to which the practice is carried on. Under *gag* there are more than two columns of anecdotes in which happy instances of the successful way in which gagging has been done are held up to admiration. Under *orders* two columns also are taken up with a denunciation of the system of seeking and obtaining free admission to places of entertainment. But while this method of filling the pages of this dictionary is most protracted in the case of theatrical terms, it is by no means confined to them. We learn from the present work that *clod-crushers* is an epithet used by Americans "to describe the large feet which they believe to be the characteristic of English women as compared with those of their own country." The term is new to us, but M. Barrère cruelly adds of his own accord that it is "an opinion shared by other foreign critics as well." It is clear that observations of the same general character must also have been made in France, but the compiler comes gallantly to the defence of the women of his adopted country. He gives up, indeed, the feet of those of the poorer classes: the enormity of their size seems to be something which he feels it is hopeless to defend. But English ladies of fashion, he tells us, can compare favorably in this respect "with any of the dainty, neat-ankled, light-tripping ones of New York or Paris." At any rate, he assures us, they can walk greater distances. Who, after this, will say that a dictionary is not entertaining?

It is the Americanisms, real or imputed, that will furnish to Americans the most convincing as well as the most amusing tests of the accuracy displayed in this compilation. We are all more or less familiar with the extraordinary words and phrases going under that name which are to be found in English books and periodicals. But in this dictionary there are many peculiar pieces of information, some of which deserve a far wider circulation than can be given by a work which has been printed for subscribers only. We find under *hogs* that it is "a term sometimes applied in jest to the inhabitants of Chicago." There is a possibility that something may have been met with somewhere to suggest such a limitation of this general term of abuse; but in the instance now to be given nothing but an innate capacity for misunderstanding and misapplying the sense of what has been read can be held responsible for the meaning that is put down. The slang theatrical word *hamfatter* is fairly familiar to the readers of the New York journals. It is a contemptuous designation for actors of the grade of negro minstrels. The simple word itself does not appear in this dictionary; but the phrase *dude hamfatters* is given. To make a special entry of such a combination is of course ridiculous, but it deserves full pardon for the sake of the explanation furnished of its use and origin. It is defined as "a sarcastic allusion to the swell and masher pork-raisers." To make the reference still more precise and pointed, it is significantly added that "a large number are located not a hundred miles from Chicago." The authority for all this is a newspaper paragraph containing the two words. It is probably the only instance where they ever appeared together in print. There needs but a single glance at the sentence in which they occur, to see that there is in it the plainest sort of a reference not to Western pork-raisers, but to New York actors.

Chicago is not alone, however, in the distinction of furnishing striking illustrations of Americanisms of this sort. Boston comes in for her share. No one who was familiar with an event comparatively so recent as the Beecher trial is likely to forget the circulation given by it to the phrase "to step down and out," or to be unaware of the origin of "true inwardness." The former appears in this work somewhat enlarged as "step down and step out," and with the curiously inadequate meaning of "an intimation to cease, or a hint that a man has the worst of it." On the other hand, the phrase "true inwardness" is not defined at all—a not unfrequent occurrence in this collection—but instead a philosophical explanation is given of its origin. "It has always been the fashion in Boston," so runs the statement, "to affect a kind of transcendental metaphysical language, and 'the *true inwardness*' of anything is a term probably derived by some Carlyleist from the German *innerlichkeit*."

These things will hurt only local pride; but patriotism generally will suffer a shock at the statement made under *two-eighteener*. It is irritating in the home of the trotting-horse, in the land where it has received its development and attained its glory, to find this term appearing as the designation of "a man or woman of the fastest kind, the allusion being to the highest record in trotting matches, about two minutes eighteen seconds being the fastest time for a mile." *Two-forty* could have been endured, for that actually did long remain as the limit of highest achievement on the part of the trotter. But at two-eighteen it never stayed long enough to make the expression popular. Now that hundreds of trotters have gone over the mile in less than that time, now that for four or five years the record has been under two-nine, such a definition as has just been quoted rises almost to the dignity of an international insult. It may not be sufficiently aggravated to make the eagle scream defiance, but it is at least enough to justify the horse in snorting it.

It is, however, in the political terms that the most misleading explanations occur. In these terms America has been fertile. Many of them are exceedingly expressive, and some of them are in addition highly picturesque and likely never to die out. The inadequacy of most of the definitions found here is more marked than their occasional incorrectness. Take, for instance, the term *slate-smasher*. Every American knows that the slate is an expression that belongs strictly to the proceedings of the nominating conventions of a party, though its usage has now been widely extended. "To smash the slate" is primarily to nominate some other persons than those fixed upon by the party-managers, or by those who have supposed themselves in control. But, in this dictionary, *slate-smasher* is defined as "a President or leading statesman who will not attend to the nominations or recommendations of a party." There is the same sort of misleading explanation of several other words, as, for instance, *ward-heelers*. In other instances, the statements are so extraordinary that it is almost impossible not to believe that there must be some evidence upon which they are founded. Accordingly there are times when we are uncertain whether it is our own ignorance or that of the compiler which is at fault. We find here, for illustration, an expression entirely new to us. "Playing the sovereign" is put down as an Americanism, with this commentary: "Office-seekers," it is asserted, "who, shortly before an election, put on shabby clothes, drink whiskey, and shake hands with everybody and make themselves generally agreeable to all of inferior social position, whom it is to their interest to conciliate, are said to be *playing the sovereign*, the object being to secure their good graces and obtain their votes." There may be places in the United States where this phrase is used. There may be places where the practice here described prevails. But certainly no surer method could ordinarily be taken by any man in any American community to deprive himself of the chance of being elected to any office he was seeking.

With one illustration of the carelessness displayed in dealing with the facts contained in the work, we leave the far from exhausted field of errors in Americanisms. *Short-hairs* and *silk stockings* are said to be "the names of two branches of the Democratic party in the Western States." We need not discuss the limitation of the terms to one party or to one region of the country, or bother ourselves with the asserted date of its origin. It is sufficient to observe that the expressions are

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declared here to characterize the members of two Democratic factions, and that the work in which these statements occur was published in the second year of the term of office of a Republican President. We are then in a position to appreciate the value of the further information vouchsafed that "the *short-hairs* appear to be discontented with the Administration, while the *silk stockings* approve of it."

Let it not be supposed that there is anything peculiar in the way Americanisms are treated. Other subjects fare full as badly. We are told, for instance, that "Shakspere uses *lush* with the meaning of 'luxury.'" This signification has hitherto failed to be recorded in any dictionary whatever. There is justification for the statement to the extent of the fact that the word does occur once in the poet's works. On that occasion it is an epithet applied to grass, and there is so much of the sense of luxury in its signification that it can properly be rendered "luxuriant." Still, one would hardly expect a lexicographer capable of making the assertion quoted to devote himself with success to Shaksperian exegesis. The experiment, however, has been tried, and can be found fully displayed under the noun *marrow* in the sense of "mate," "fellow-workman." "The word," we are told, "is used by Shakspere in a phrase hitherto unexplained by his numerous critics and commentators. Mark Antony, speaking of the assassination of Cæsar, says that he was 'marr'd' with traitors—*i. e.*, likened with traitors—as if he himself had been a traitor." This choice specimen of interpretation apparently owes its existence to the lack of any acquaintance with the use of *with* in the sense of "by." It need not, however, occasion surprise to find ignorance exhibited of common literary usage when so much ignorance is displayed of cant phrases which the work sets out specifically to explain. No reader of the lighter literature of the reign of Queen Anne can have failed to notice the frequent mention of "laced coffee"—that is, coffee to which spirits have been added. Here it is defined as "sugared."

It is useless in our limited space to attempt to furnish more examples of errors of definition. Yet mistaken as they often, and ridiculous as they sometimes are, they are entitled to high praise in comparison with the etymologies. In the latter, conjecture fairly runs rampant, and, so far from paying heed to truth, usually pays none to probability, and we are almost inclined to add possibility. The difficulties in the way need not be denied. To ascertain the etymology of slang words and phrases is undoubtedly much the hardest feat of the kind that can be attempted in linguistic investigation. The expressions seem frequently to spring out of the earth, and in such a way as to give no hint from what portion of it they proceed. In the case of those which come down from the past it is very rare that the historic conditions are known under which any particular word or phrase first came into being. Without such knowledge, guesses as to origin partake of even much more than the usual untrustworthiness that belongs to most linguistic guesses. As an illustration of the difficulties attending the derivation of words of this class, let us take the case of *mob*. In this instance, both the time and place when the term came into existence are familiar to all students of language. It is strictly a specimen of pedantic slang. We can trace it in its original full form of *mobile vulgus*, "the fickle common people," through *mobile*, showing the noun dropped, to *mob* with the final syllables of the first word discarded. We can discover the disgust inspired by this abbreviation in the comments of Addison and Swift, who take care to let us know that it is the introduction of such terms as these that corrupts and ruins a language. But suppose we had not this knowledge of the history of the word, how vainly would human ingenuity be tasked to find an explanation of its origin that would have the least semblance of probability. Yet such a state of ignorance is the position we occupy towards the vast majority of slang words and phrases.

Lack of knowledge has not, however, acted here as a restraint upon conjecture, but rather as a spur to it. The etymologies in this work are in truth the most pretentious part of it as well as the most absurd. Crude methods long ago discarded by any one who had the slightest acquaintance with linguistic science are the only ones here followed. Stories are recounted to explain the origin of popular phrases, and, as in some instances of this ancient mythical device, such as *sir-ree*, they actually mean nothing and could never have originated anything, it seems hard to find any other reason for their introduction than the desire to fill up space. Indeed, it is not easy to speak with proper moderation of the manner in which paragraph after paragraph of this dictionary is taken up with matter which it would be flattery to call twaddle. Of course Celtomania is prevalent. It is not, therefore, surprising to find quoted as an authority the one etymologist of our times who in his beliefs and methods belongs to the ninth century, but somehow got landed in the nineteenth. Under the phrase "hell and tommy," Dr. Mackay is cited as an authority for the origin of this grotesque expression. It probably means, he tells us, "to reduce a man to extreme destitution, or to bread and water, and, if so, an etymon may be found in the Keltic *ol*, drink, and *tomadh* (*toma*), a lump of bread." For the benefit of those, apparently, who may not take kindly to this view, the same phrase is entered under another letter of the alphabet, and a still different derivation suggested.

We are, however, under no necessity of going to any outside sources for similar illustrations. A new gift of tongues seems to have fallen upon the compilers of this work, and while reading it we are constantly reminded of the text which tells us of the Parthians and Medes and Elamites and the dwellers in Mesopotamia and in Judæa and Cappadocia and Pontus and Asia. All languages are laid under contribution from furthest regions in space to furthest ages in time. *Hant* or *haunt*, with the sense of "ghost," in American local usage, "is possibly the Malay word *hant*, an evil spirit." In *mill*, "to fight," we are sent to the Aryan root *mar*. Dutch plays a far from ignoble part in these linguistic excursions into the unknowable. Still it is to the speech of the gypsies and to the Yiddish—which seems to be German-Hebrew—that a very large proportion of these words and phrases have their origin attributed. *Mash* must have been derived from the Gypsy *mash* (*masher-ava*), "to allure, to entice." This is confirmed by Mr. Palmer, who knows the very family of actors and actresses of Romany stock with whom the term originated. But while the speech of the gypsies has its etymological charms, it is on the whole the fascinations of the Yiddish that are the most enduring and potent. That dialect is always peeping in, even where it does not venture to enter. Under *high faluting* we are informed that "it is very remarkable that there exists in Yiddish the word *hifelufelem*, meaning extravagant language or nonsense." *Callithumpian* "is possibly from the Yiddish *calle*, a bride." It consequently "means bride-thumping, or making a noise at a bridal." In the discussion of *make* in the phrase "on the make," it is found necessary to point out "its resemblance to the Yiddish *makir*, one who knows, who is intelligent in anything." There is nothing, indeed, that this dictionary shrinks from in the way of suggestion or supposition. It is so hopeless to give an adequate conception of the scale upon which these appear that we shall make no further attempt to illustrate its general characteristics than is involved in citing its remarks on the derivation of *shebang*, "a shanty." "No one," it is said, "has ever explained the origin of this term, but it may be noted that there are exactly seven board surfaces in a shanty, the four upright sides, the two sides of the roof, and the floor, and that the word *shebang*, in Hebrew, means seven."

It has been a matter of necessity to take up most of our space in speaking of the defects of this work. They are so obtrusive that they constantly force themselves upon the attention. They are so pervasive that they extend to the minutest details of definition or of derivation. Furthermore, much contained in it has no right to be included even under the wide-embracing title which it has received. There are, for instance, a large number of gypsy terms entered, it is hard to see for what reason. There would have been just as much propriety in introducing whatever is peculiar in the speech of the French of Lower Canada, or even words from the Hindustani itself. The work, indeed, can never be safely resorted to by him who is unacquainted with the matter with which it deals. He can never have the assurance that the information he derives from it is to be trusted. For all that, this dictionary will have its uses. While it is often inaccurate or misleading, it contains much that will be of service to him who knows how to distinguish the true from the false, the adequate from the inadequate.

RECENT FICTION.

In the Heart of the Storm. By Maxwell Grey. D. Appleton & Co.

At Fault. By Kate Chopin. St. Louis: Nixon-Jones Printing Co.

At an Old Château. By Katharine S. Macquoid. Harper & Brothers.

The Robber Count.—Fifty Years, Three Months, Two Days. By Julius Wolff. Translated by W. Henry and Elizabeth R. Winslow. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

Which Wins? By Mary H. Ford. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Khaled. By F. Marion Crawford. Macmillan & Co.

In Low Relief. By Morley Roberts. D. Appleton & Co.

There Is No Devil. By Maurus Jokai. Translated from the Hungarian by F. Steinitz. Cassell Publishing Co.

Otto the Knight, and Other Trans-Mississippi Stories. By Octave Thanet. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Uncle of an Angel, and Other Stories. By Thomas A. Janvier. Harper & Brothers.

The Philadelphian. By Louis John Jennings, M.P. Harper & Brothers. 1891.

A Question of Love: A story of Switzerland. Translated by Annie R. Ramsey from the French of T. Combe. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1891.

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Amaryllis. By Georgios Drosines. [The Unknown Library.] Cassell Publishing Co.

MAXWELL GREY'S third novel is in some respects the best of them all. The story has no less hold than the others upon the interest, and the thrilling pictures of India during the siege of Lucknow and the horrors of the mutiny are better than anything we have had before as background. The country folk, as of yore, are entirely delightful, and it has seemed to us that there is a slight abridgment in landscape—say, a mile omitted from every previous thousand. But on this point it may be that custom has dulled perception, and we speak under correction for exaggeration. What the author has had it at heart to show is the harm that a man can do a woman without drawing her into positive guilt. This has been done with no shrinking hand and in no hackneyed strain. On the contrary, the shrinking and hackneyed views of the world on this subject are held up for scorn in language which would be more powerful if less profuse, and in situations which are often despoiled of their strength by this writer's fatal fondness for fine writing. The final removal of the compromised but innocent Jessie is too like the fifth act of the French drama for a book aiming, as this one does, at renovation of social standards. However, her restoration to her love must be taken as a courageous innovation, and her rehabilitation in society may follow when the English-writing public shall have ceased to tremble before titled society.

It is not quite clear who is cast for the title-rôle in 'At Fault,' since all the characters have valid pretensions to the part. There is the lady who drinks and the gentleman who gets a divorce from her, the widow who loves and is beloved by him, but who persuades him to remarry his divorced partner and bring her to the Louisiana plantation, where she (the widow) may have a fostering care of the two and help them do their duty to each other. There is also the young lady of many engagements, the negro who commits arson, the young gentleman who shoots him, the Colonel who shoots the young gentleman, the St. Louis lady who goes to matinées and runs off with the matinée-going gentleman. It may not be amiss, in deciding who is "At Fault," to consider as well the claims of the author, the publisher, and the reader. The reverse side to all this is a graphic description of life on a cotton plantation, an aptitude for seizing dialects of whites and blacks alike, no little skill in perceiving and defining character, and a touch which shows that the array of disagreeables was born rather of literary crudity than of want of refinement.

'At an Old Château' is a mild and gentle little novel which reads singularly like a translation. The course of true love plays at not running smooth, chaperons and guardians scowl, faithful servitors save, noble rivals renounce, the written consent of the dead is brought to light, chaperons and guardians sing, dance, and show their delight, sugar-plums are served, and upon the scene descends the more than usual calm of Marjorie Fleming.

'The Robber Count' is a story of the Hartz country in the time of Pope John XXII., and is a really delightful account of the squabbles of a Bishop, a beautiful Abbess, and the Robber Count. From their neighboring strongholds they all cast their eyes on whatsoever booty pleaseth them, whether a castle, a town, or it may be a fair maid, and straightway behave like Louis Napoleon when he

> "Looked into some lexicons
> And found the word Mexicans;
> Here's at 'em, says Louis Napoleon."

The stories of the onslaughts are all most entertainingly set forth, as are the characters of the wily Bishop, the passionate Abbess, the bold, loving Count. The captive princess and the doughty knights who fight for her are no conventional lay figures, but full of life and charm, and it is hard to say whether the god of war or the god of love be the most adorable divinity in this refreshing story. The translation is excellent, with the exception of an occasional tendency to such grammatical malformation as "thou defendeth" and "thou indulgeth." Indeed, the patient wayfarer through German novel-land half suspects the present translators of contributing to the attractiveness of this work by abridgment, and is grateful.

'Fifty Years, Three Months, Two Days,' by the same author and translators, is also a sprightly story, and deals with the dwellers in castles in the Neckar Valley during the year 1397. The plot hinges upon an old law which declared that if any one having attained the age set forth in the title should die a bachelor, his property must be surrendered to the State. To save the noble Hans von Steinach's property from such absorption, his relatives and neighbors brew many a pretty plot, and weave so many tangles as nearly to encompass their own undoing. The romantic atmosphere of the 'Robber Count' is here replaced by one more farcical and less unique in tone. Yet it is a readable tale.

'Which Wins?' is an indifferent story, but that matters the less in that it is in reality a pamphlet upon Socialism. It is a book for the moralist and economist to consider, rather than the reviewer of fiction. There is much that is stirring in the setting forth of the miseries of "the other half," and of aspirations towards making this a better world. If brokers' offices in the West are the sinks of iniquity they are here represented to be, and if all mortgages on Western farms are simply organized plunder, it should certainly be published abroad. In the author's opinion, the establishment of a people's party is the only chance of redress for these evils, and the only hope of giving wives a partnership in their husbands' property, or control over their own, of raising the laboring classes to the refinements of table-cloth and napkins, of abolishing syndicates and monopolies, and promoting the brotherhood of man. The Associated Charities of New York come in for a thrust, and of course all capitalists. Whatever may be thought of the cure, what is not exaggerated in this book, and can never be old, is the relation of the sufferings of the poor, the echo of the world's eternal "Ach! wir Armen!"

Mr. Crawford's Arabian tale 'Khaled' is fantastic, romantic, and interesting. The art of telling is his in a high degree. The Oriental atmosphere is well maintained, yet shot through with modern tinges of thought, bringing the story close to modern sympathy. The central motive, of the incarnate genius whose soul is to be given to him only when he shall have won a woman's love, is as old as romance, but wears an individual aspect here from the individual setting. Mr. Crawford is the Cook's tourist of novelists, and we confidently look now for a love story whose scene shall be laid among the lake-dwellers. Provided it be as readable as 'Khaled,' it shall have a welcome.

Whosoever is unfortunate enough to read the so-called Bohemian transcript 'In Low Relief,' will perceive that the adjective belongs to the book, but that the noun is his own when the book is closed. It bears the same relation to a work of art that "Oats, peas, beans" does to poetry, and there is a straining after badness which chafes gratingly upon the nerves.

The badness of 'There Is No Devil,' on the other hand, is of the frankest kind, but, being removed to Hungary, wears an air of aloofness which makes it more tolerable; and since the Anglo-Saxon reader, reversing *Hamlet*, is apt to think they are all mad out of England (or America), a little more or less of insanity on Continental soil is only what is to be looked for. Jokai is a clever and vivacious writer, and in general skilful at construction, although we cannot wholly admire the contrivance by which the story gets itself told. Two gentlemen make a night of it, while one relates to the other the story of his life. That this vigil may not cause his guest to wish that he had slept at home, the host at the outset rings the bell and gives his orders for the night. "Tea with mandarin liqueur at once, at twelve o'clock punch and fruits, at two in the morning coffee à la Turque, and at five o'clock a cold woodcock and champagne." The publishers' prefatory note states a belief that the present volume is better suited to the taste of American readers than any previous stories by Jokai. If this be so, it was a commendable act to withhold the others.

There is but one Arkansas, and Octave Thanet is its Prophet. For those who are not sated with the "local literature" of the States, 'Otto the Knight' and the accompanying stories will be found very pleasant reading, and will take a high rank among the color sketches of our country. The writer succeeds in giving an especial note to this especial region, and has, besides, a literary gift which is shown to advantage in the invention and form as well as in the phrasing of the tales.

Mr. Janvier's new stories are of very unequal merit. The one which gives the book its title is cheap to a degree. "Our Pirate Hoard" is proof that if one must imitate Stockton, one had better not take him in one of his boneless moments. "A Temporary Deadlock," on the other hand, is bright and ingenious, and the Crimean sketch, "For the House of France," is both naïve and spirited. Of the two romances of Avenue B, the former is fairly amusing, while the latter reminds one of the fact that the saccharine matter discovered in petroleum is useless, being too sweet for granulation.

Novels, like children, are often christened without rhyme or reason, but when a name is given apparently intended to indicate the characteristics belonging to a particular locality, it is rather disappointing to find them lacking. There is nothing to distinguish 'The Philadelphian' from the shrewd but kindly business man of any American city, and the virtues attributed to the Virginia gentleman represented in the person of the ex-Confederate Colonel are by no means peculiar to that section of the country. Both characters and scene are quickly transferred to England and Wales, where the author is on more familiar ground, and the action proceeds in a lively manner. Many characters are introduced, most of them of a more or less villanous type, and the interest of the story hinges upon the skill with which the villains are run to ground by the Philadelphian and the ex-Confederate. This is worked up with considerable power, although there are occasional lapses. The story is too long for an ordinary railway journey and does not commend itself for home reading.

'A Question of Love' is settled in practical French fashion after some timid wandering in the fields of romance. The tyranny of foreign social custom makes itself felt when we see a

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writer of such delicate discernment and subtle sympathies as the author of this little volume, compelled to bring about so thoroughly commonplace a conclusion of a promising idyl. To satisfy his sense of artistic fitness, he tries, towards the close of the story, to rehabilitate the successful lover; but here his art revenges itself upon him, for he only succeeds in making a little less uninteresting the character whose limitations he had previously made so clear. No other solution, however, would have been possible without doing violence to traditions which are a part of the very fabric of old-world social life. The whole atmosphere of the story is suffused with the tender light which the French know so well how to produce with brush or pen, and in the translation nothing is lost of the author's charm of style.

The scene of 'Amaryllis' is laid in Greece, but the occasional attempts at local color are about as fanciful as the assumed Greek name of the author. It is a graceful little tale, for the rest, and dwells throughout in a realm of sentiment which narrowly escapes silliness, once or twice, but which, on the whole, is genuine and pleasing. So comely a volume should have been spared the occasional blot of careless proof-reading.

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OCTOBER
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CONTENTS.

Articles: The Place of Schools of Technology in American Education, Francis A. Walker—American pioneers of University Extension, Herbert B. Adams—Impressions of German Schools, John T. Prince—Education in the Eleventh Census Year, I, James H. Blodgett.

Discussions: The New Department of Pedagogy at Harvard University, Paul H. Hanus—The Annual Meeting of the Association of German Philologists and Schoolmasters, Kaspar Hammer—City School Supervision, I, Aaron ove—Practice Teaching in ormal Schools, I, Larkin Dunton—Use of Clay in Schools, William H. Maxwell—The Science *versus* the Art of Teaching, Addison B. Poland.

Editorials: President Walker on American Scientific Schools—The Director of the Department of Liberal Arts at the Chicago Exposition—The Comenius Celebration—The Great Summer Meetings—The Duty of the National Educationa Association toward Investigation and Research in Pedagogics—The Growing Popular Interest in Education—Is Elementary Science Teaching a Failure?—The English Elementary Education Act, '91—A Teaching University for London—The Discussion of City School Supervision and Practice Teaching.

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